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"LORD ABOVE! HOW DID YOU EVER FIND ME, JOEL?"

"NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARRIAT.

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc.

CHAPTER I.

It is towards the close of a long, bright day in June, that a young collegian enters, somewhat hastily, the courtyard of an inn on the outskirts of one of our university towns.

"Holloa there!" he calls sharply to a skulking ostler, who recognises him with a touch of the forelock; "bring my horse round, will you, and be quick about it!"

As the ostler disappears to obey his orders the young man leans lazily against the stable wall, and the traces of some secret care or annoyance are very visible upon his countenance. He ought to possess neither; for he is young, good-looking, affluent, and of high birth, being the second son of the Earl of Norham; but what charm is there to make even earls' sons invulnerable against the effects of the woes which they create for themselves? A few months back Eric Keir almost believed that the world was made for him and men in the same position as himself; to-day, he would give the world, were it his own, to be able to retrace his steps and undo that which is irremediable. And yet he has not completed his two-and-twentieth year!

As the ostler brings his horse—a fine bay animal of some value—up to his side, Eric Keir starts as though he had been dreaming, and seizing the reins abruptly, is about to spring into the saddle. His foot, however, has but reached the stirrup, when he is accosted from the other side.

"Why, Keir, old fellow! what an age it is since we met! Where have you been hiding yourself? I seem to have seen scarcely anything of you during the whole term." And the hand of Saville Moxon, a fellow student, though not at the same college, is thrust forward eagerly to take his own.

At which, Eric Keir descends to earth again with an appearance of being less pleased than embarrassed at his encounter with his friend, who is, moreover, intimately acquainted with all the members of his family.

"If you have not seen me, Moxon, it is your own fault," he replies, moodily; "for you know where to find me when I am at home."

"Ah! exactly so, my dear fellow,—when you are at home; but have you any distinct recollection of when you last practised that rather negative virtue? For my part, I can affirm that you have sported the oak on, at least, a dozen occasions during the last two months, when I have been desirous of palming my irreproachable company upon you. What do you do with yourself out of college hours?"

At this question, innocent though it appears, Keir visibly reddens, and then tries to cover his confusion by a rough answer.

"Much the same as you do, I suppose;—much the same as every man does who is condemned to be cooped up for three parts of the year in this musty old town: try to forget that there is such a place."

But Saville Moxon is not to be put out of temper so easily.

"By riding out of it, as you are going to do now," he says, with a light laugh, as he lays his hand upon the horse's mane. "Where are you bound to, Eric?"

"What business is that of yours?" is trembling upon the lips of Eric Keir; but he represses the inclination to utter it, and substitutes the answer, "Nowhere in particular."

"Then don't let me detain you. I want to speak to you, but I can walk by your side a little way;—or, stay; I dare say they have an animal in the stables they can let me have, and we'll take a gallop together—as we used to do in the old days, Keir."

But to this proposal Eric Keir appears anything but agreeable.

"By no means," he rejoins, hastily. "At least, I know they have nothing you would care to mount; and I am quite at your service, Moxon, if you wish to speak to me. Here, ostler! hold my horse."

"But why should I keep you from your ride?"

"Because I prefer it;—prefer, that is to say, speaking to a friend quietly to howling at him across the road. Let us turn out of this courtyard, where every wall has ears and every window a pair of eyes. And now what is your business with me?"





The young men have gained the road by this time, which is sufficiently removed from the town to be very dusty, and shaded by leafy trees.

"Who would ever have thought of meeting you out here, Keir?" is Moxon's first remark. "And how long is it since you developed a taste for country lanes and hedges?"

"I don't admire quickset hedges more than I ever did; but when a man rides for exercise, one direction is as good as another."

"But what induced you to remove your horse from Turnhill's? Didn't they do justice to him?"

"Well—yes—in a hesitating manner. "I had no particular fault to find with them; but these stables are more convenient."

"Less so, I should have imagined. Why, you have nearly a mile more to walk to them."

"Perhaps I like walking: any way, that's my business. What's yours?"

At this curt rejoinder, Saville Moxon turns round and regards him steadily in the face.

"What is the matter, Keir?" he says, kindly. "Are you ill? And, now I come to look at you, you have certainly grown much thinner since I saw you last; and, if you were not such a lazy fellow, I should say you had been overworking yourself."

To which Keir responds, with a harsh laugh:—

"Yes, Moxon, that's it—too much study. It's an awfully bad thing for young fellows of our age—so trying to the constitution! Ha! ha! ha!"

"But you really don't look yourself, Keir, for all that. I am afraid you must have been living too fast. Don't do it, dear old fellow—for all our sakes."

The affectionate tone touches some chord in Eric Keir's heart, and he answers, almost humbly:—

"Indeed I have not been living fast, Moxon; on the contrary, I think I have been keeping better hours this term than usual. One comes so soon to the conviction that all that kind of thing is not only degrading, but wrong. Yet one may have troubles, nevertheless. How are all your people at home?"

"Very well indeed, thank you; and that brings me to the subject of my business with you. It is odd I should have met you this afternoon, considering how much separated we have been of late; for if I had not done so, I should have been obliged to write."

"What about?"

"I had a letter from your brother Muiraven this morning."

"Ah!—more than I had; it's seldom either of them honor me."

"Perhaps they despair of finding you—as I almost began, to do. Any way, Lord Muiraven's letter concerns you as much as myself. He wants us to join him in a walking tour."

"When?"

"During the vacation, of course."

"Where to?"

"Brittany, I believe."

"I can't go."

"Why not? It will be a jolly change for you. And my brother Allick is most anxious to be of the party. Fancy what fun we four should have!—it would seem like the old school days coming over again."

"When we were always together, and always in scrapes," Keir interrupts, eagerly. "I should like to go."

"What is there to prevent you?"

His face falls immediately.

"Oh! I don't know—nothing in particular—only, I don't fancy it will be such fun as you imagine; these tours turn out such awful failures sometimes; besides—"

"Besides—what?"

"It will be a great expense; and I'm rather out of pocket this term."

"That is no obstacle, for you are to go as Muiraven's guest. He says especially—let me see, where is the letter?"—producing it from his pocket as he speaks. "Ah! here it is: 'Tell Eric, he is to be my guest, and so are you'—though, for the matter of that," continues Moxon, as he refolds the letter and puts it in the envelope, "my accepting his offer, and your accepting it, are two very different things."

"I can't go, nevertheless; and you may write and tell him so."

"You had better write yourself, Keir; you may be able to give your brother the reason, which you refuse to me."

After this, they pace up and down for a few minutes in silence: minutes which appear long to Eric Keir, for he pulls out his watch meanwhile to ascertain the hour.

"Keir! are you in debt?" says Moxon.

"Not a penny—or, at all events, not a penny that I shall be unable to pay upon demand. Has any one been informing you to the contrary?"

"No one—it was but a surmise, I hope, then,—I hope there is no truth in the rumor that has reached me, that you find more charms in a certain little village, not twenty miles from Oxford, than in anything the old town contains!"

Saville Moxon is hardly prepared for the effect which his words produce. For Eric Keir stops short upon the country path which they are traversing, and the veins rise upon his forehead, and his whole face darkens and changes beneath the passion which he cannot help exhibiting, although, he is too courteous to give vent to it without further cause.

"What village?" he demands quickly.

"Fretterley!"

Then the knowledge that he is in the wrong, and gossip in the right, and that something he is very anxious to keep secret is on the verge of

being discovered, gets the better of Eric Keir's discretion, and he flares out in an impetuous manner, very much in character with his quick, impulsive nature—

"And what the d—l do your confounded friends mean by meddling in my affairs?"

"Who said they were friends of mine?" retorts Moxon; and the laugh with which he says it is as oil cast on the flame of Eric Keir's wrath.

"I will allow of no interference with anything I choose to do or say. I am not a child, to be followed, and gaped at, and cackled about by a parcel of old women in breeches; and you may tell your informant so, from me, as soon as you please."

"Keir, this is folly, and you know it. Fretterley and its doings are too near at hand to escape all observation; and the fact of your visiting there, and the Vicar of the parish having three very pretty daughters, is quite sufficient to set the gossips talking; but not to provoke such an ebullition of anger from yourself."

"I don't care a fig about the Vicar, or his daughters either! But I do care to hear that I can't ride a mile in one direction or another without all Oxford talking of it. I hate that style of feminine cackle which some of the fellows of the college have taken up; and I say again, that they are a set of confounded meddlers, and if I catch any one of them prying into my concerns, I won't leave him a whole bone in his body!"

"You are childish!" exclaims Moxon. "As I repeated the report, Keir, I suppose I am one of the 'confounded meddlers' you allude to, and it may not be safe for me to remain longer in your company. And so, good day to you, and a better spirit when we meet again." And turning abruptly from him, he commences to walk in the direction of the town. But slowly, and somewhat sadly: for he has known Eric Keir from boyhood, and, imperious as he is with strangers, it is not often he exhibits the worst side of his character to his friends.

For a moment—whilst pride and justice are struggling for the mastery within him—Eric looks at the retreating figure and then, with sudden impulse, he strides hastily after Moxon, and tenders him his hand.

"Forgive me, Saville! I was wrong—I hardly knew what I was saying."

"I was sure you would confess it, sooner or later, Eric; your faults are all upon the surface."

And then they shake hands heartily, and feel themselves again.

"But about this Fretterley business," says Eric, after a slight hesitation: "stop the gossip as much as lies in your power, there's a good fellow! For I swear to you I have no more intention of making love to the Vicar's daughters, than I have to the Vicar himself."

"I never supposed you had. But when young and fashionable men persist in frequenting one locality, the lookers-on will draw their inferences. We are not all earl's sons, remember, Eric; and you dwell in the light of an unenviable notoriety."

"Unenviable indeed, if even one's footsteps are to be dogged! And fancy what my father would say, if such a rumor reached his ears!"

"He would think nothing of it, Keir. He knows that you love him too well to dream of making a *mésalliance*."

"Who talks of a *mésalliance*?" interposes the other, hurriedly.

"Myself alone. The Vicar's daughters, though exceedingly handsome and, no doubt, very amiable girls, are not in the position of life from which Lord Norham expects you to choose a wife. He thinks a great deal of you, Eric."

"More's the pity; he had much better build his hopes on Muiraven, or Cecil."

"Oh! Cecil will never marry. Young as he is, he is marked out for a bachelor. And as for Muiraven, he will, in all probability, have to sacrifice his private instincts to public interests. Besides,—in a lowered voice—"you should never forget that, were anything to happen to Muiraven, the hopes of the family would be set upon you."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Moxon. Muiraven's life is worth ten of mine, thank God! and Cecil and I mean to preserve our liberty intact, and leave marriage for the young and the gay: yourself, *par exemple*."

"Call a poor devil who has nothing but his own brains to look to for a subsistence, young and gay? My dear boy, you'll be a grandfather before I have succeeded in inducing any woman to accept my name and nothing a year."

"Ugh!—with a shudder—"what an awful prospect! I'd as soon hang myself."

"Well, it needn't worry you just yet," says Moxon, with a laugh. "But I must not keep you any longer from your ride. Shall you be in your rooms to-morrow evening, Keir?"

"Probably—that is, I will make a point of being there, if you will come and take supper with me. And bring over Summers and Charlton with you. And look here, Moxon,—stop this confounded rumor about me, at all hazards, for heaven's sake!"

"If there is no truth in it, why should you object to its circulation?" inquires Moxon, bluntly.

"There is no truth in it. I hardly know the man by sight, or his daughters; but you are aware of my father's peculiarities, and how the least idea of such a thing would worry him."

"We should have Lord Norham down here in no time, to find out the truth for himself. So it's lucky for you, old fellow,"—observing Keir's knitted brows—"that there's nothing for him to find out."

"I wish you would remember, Myra, that I am standing at the front door, and reserve these demonstrations of affection for a more private place. I have told you of it so often."

He disengages her arms from his throat as he speaks, and her countenance lowers and changes. It is easy to see that she is quick to take offence, and that the repulse has wounded her.

"Yes—of course; but I hate everything in the shape of town-talk, true or otherwise."

"There shall be no more, if I can prevent it, Keir. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, till to-morrow evening; and don't be later than ten."

He remains on the spot where Saville Moxon left him for a moment, and then turns, musingly, towards the courtyard of the inn again.

"What on earth can have put Fretterley into their heads," he ponders, "when I have been so scrupulously careful, that even the ostler at the village inn doesn't know me by my right name? It's an awful nuisance, and will entail a move at the very time when I can least afford it. My usual luck!" And, with a shrug of the shoulders, Eric Keir re-enters the stable yard. The man is still waiting there with his horse, and, when the gentleman is mounted, he touches his cap and asks when he may be expected to return.

"Impossible to say," is the unsatisfactory rejoinder; and in another minute Keir has driven his spurs into the animal's side and is galloping to make up for lost time, along the roads which lead—to Fretterley.

As he rides hurriedly and carelessly along, his thoughts are conflicting and uneasy. His impulsive and unthinking nature has led him into the commission of an act which is more than rash—which is unpardonable, and of which he already bitterly repents; and he sees the effect of this youthful folly closing about him and hedging him in, and the trouble it will probably entail, stretching out over a long vista of coming years, to end perhaps only with his life.

He knows that his father (a most loving and affectionate father, of whom he has no fear beyond that begotten by the dread of wounding his affection) cherishes high hopes for him and expects great things—greater things than Eric thinks he has the power of performing. For Lord Muiraven, though a young man of sterling merit—"the dearest fellow in the world," as his brothers will inform you—is not clever; he knows it himself, and all his friends know it, and that Eric has had the advantage over him, not only in personal appearance, but in brains. And though it would be too much to affirm that Lord Norham has ever wished his sons could change places, there is no doubt that, whilst he looks on Muiraven as the one who shall carry on his titles to a future generation, his pride is fixed on Eric; and the ease with which the young fellow has disposed of his university examinations, and the passport into society his agreeable manners have gained for him, are topics of un-failing interest to the Earl.

And it is this knowledge, added to the remembrance of a motherless childhood sheltered by paternal care from every sorrow, that makes his own conduct smite so bitterly on the heart of Eric Keir. How could he have done it? Oh! what a fool—what an ungrateful, unpardonable fool he has made of himself! And there is no way out of the evil: he has destroyed that which will not bear patching—his self-respect! As the conviction presses home to him, tears, which do him no dishonor, rise to his eyes, are forced back again, as though to weep had been a sin. How much the creatures suffer who cannot, or who dare not, cry! God gave ready tears to women, in consideration of their weakness—it is only strong hearts and stronger minds that can bear torture with dry eyes.

But there is little trace of weakness left on the face of Eric Keir, as, after an hour's hard riding, he draws rein before the village inn of Fretterley. The young collegian seems well known there; for before he has had time to summon the ostler, the landlord himself appears at the front door, to ease him of his rein, and is shouting for some one to come and 'old Mr. 'Amilton's 'orse' while he draws 'Mr. 'Amilton's beer.'

"Mr. 'Amilton' appears to respond but languidly to the exertions made on his behalf; for he drinks the beer which is handed him mechanically, and, without further comment, turns on his heel, much to the disappointment of the landlord, who has learned to look regularly for the offer of one of those choice cigars of which the young gentleman is usually so lavish.

"Something up there, I bet," he remarks to the partner of his bosom; "getting tired of her, I shouldn't wonder: they all does it, sooner or later. Men will be men."

"Men will be men! men will be brutes, you mean!" she retorts in her shrill treble; and from the sound of her voice, the landlord thinks it as well not to pursue the subject any further.

Not afraid of her—oh dear no! What husband ever was afraid of anything so insignificant as the weaker vessel?—only—Well, landlord, have it thine own way; it does us no harm!

Meanwhile Eric Keir has walked beyond the village, perhaps a quarter of a mile, to where a small farm cottage, surrounded by a garden of shrubs, stands back from the highway. He pushes open the painted wicket with his foot, more impetuously than he need have done, and advances to the hall door. Before he can knock or ring, it is thrown open to him, and a woman flings herself upon his neck.

She is a girl still, though several years older than himself; but a woman is in the glow of youth at five-and-twenty; and this woman has not only youth but beauty.

"I wish you would remember, Myra, that I am standing at the front door, and reserve these demonstrations of affection for a more private place. I have told you of it so often."

He disengages her arms from his throat as he speaks, and her countenance lowers and changes. It is easy to see that she is quick to take offence, and that the repulse has wounded her.

So they pass into the sitting-room in silence, and whilst Eric Keir, monarch of all he surveys, throws himself into an easy chair, she stands by the table, somewhat sulkily, waiting for him to make the next advances.

"Is old Margaret at home, Myra?"

"I believe so."

"Tell her to bring me some claret. I seem to have swallowed all the dust between this and Oxford."

She does his bidding, bringing the wine with her own hands, and when she has served him, she sits down by the window.

"Come here, child," he says presently, in a patronizing yet authoritative voice that accords strangely with his boyish exterior. "What's the matter with you to-day? why won't you speak to me?"

"Because you don't care to hear me speak," she answers in a low tone, full of emotion, as she kneels beside his chair. She has large, lustrous, dark eyes, and soft brown hair that flows and curls about her neck, and a pair of passionate red lips that are on a dangerous level with his own. What man could resist them? But Eric Keir's moustached mouth bends down to press her upturned forehead only. It is evident that she has lost her power to charm him. Yet his reply is not only patient, but kind.

"What has put that nonsense into your head? Don't make more worries than you need, Myra: we have enough already, heaven knows!"

"But why haven't you been to see me for so many days, then? You don't know how long the time seems without you! Are you getting tired of me, Eric?"

"Tired!"—with a smile that is sadder than a sigh. "It is early days for you and me to talk of getting tired of each other, Myra. Haven't we made all kinds of vows to pass our lives together?"

"Then why have you been such a time away?"

"I have had business to detain me; it was impossible to come before."

"What sort of business?"

"Engagements—at college and amongst my friends."

"Friends whom you love more than me!" she retorts quickly, her jealous disposition immediately on the *qui vive*.

"It is not fair for you to say so, Myra. I can give you no greater proof of my attachment than I have already given."

"Ah! but I want more, Eric. I want to be with you always: to leave you neither day nor night: to have the right to share in your pleasures and your pains."

He frowns visibly.

"More pains than pleasures, as you would find, Myra. But it is impossible; I have told you so already; the circumstances of the case forbid it."

"How can I tell, when you are absent, if you are always thinking of me?—if some other woman does not take my place in your heart?"

"You must trust me, Myra. I am a gentleman, and I tell you that is not the case—that it never will be."

"Ah! but you cannot tell!" And here she falls to weeping, and buries her face upon the arm of his chair.

"My poor girl!" says Keir, compassionately.

He does not love her—that is to say, he does not love as he thought he did three months ago, when he believed that he was doing a generous and chivalrous thing in raising her from her low estate to the position she now occupies, and swearing unalterable fidelity at her feet—but he feels the deepest pity, both for her and for himself—and he would wipe out the past with his blood, if it were possible.

"My poor girl—my poor Myra!" stroking the luxuriant hair which is flung across his knee—"we have much to forgive each other! Did ever man and woman drag each other more irreparably down than we have done?"

"You have ceased to love me—I know you have!" she continues, through her tears.

"Why should you torture me with such an accusation," he says, impatiently, as he shakes himself free of the clinging arms, and, rising, walks to the window, "when I have already assured you that it is not true? What have I done to make you imagine I am changed?"

"You do not come to see me—you do not caress me—you do not even look at me as you used to do."

"Good heavens! for how long do you expect me to go on 'looking'—whatever that operation may consist of?"

"Oh, Eric! you cannot deceive me: you know you are sorry that we ever met."

Sorry—ay, God knows that he is sorry; but he will not tell her so. Yet neither will he fly to her embrace, as three months back he would have done, to assure her that she does his love a cruel wrong by the suspicion. He only stands quietly by the open window, and taking a cigar from his case, lights it and commences smoking; whilst she continues to sob, in an angry, injured manner by the arm-chair where he left her.

"Myra! I have but a short time to stay here to-day; why shouldn't we pass it pleasantly together? Upon my word, if you go on like this every time we meet, you will make the place too hot to hold me. Come—dry your eyes, like a good girl, and tell me what you have been doing since I saw you last."

She dashes away her tears, and rises from her kneeling posture; but there is still a tone of sullenness or pride in the voice with which she answers him.

"What should I have been doing, but waiting for your arrival? I should have gone to



"Has any one been here for you to-night?" I asked, as I turned away.

"No, doctor," he answered, as he caught the key of the dead man's room, which I tossed up to him.

"I thought so," I responded, as I moved on my way homeward.

At the tea-table, at which I once more seated myself—for Jane had kept everything warm, and postponed her own meal, hoping to enjoy it, as she said, with me—I was about to make known to her my suspicions, when she oddly enough said, without a hint from me,—

"Charles, there was something in that man's manner that reminded me of acting on the stage. It did not seem to be natural. Don't you remember when we were at the theatre the week after we were married, the play was 'The Iron Box,' and there was a young man who was the sun of the rich governor, came running into the room, on the scenes, and in great excitement told every body how his father had been murdered, and his money stolen?"

"Yes, I do remember it," I answered.

"And do you recollect that a powdered gentleman who acted an old squire, and who was in the party on the stage which the young man interrupted, said in a very positive manner to another, 'That young man you may be assured is the real murderer; for he is too much excited to be natural. He is acting, and over-acting his part.' All this was said in the play as a part of it. Well, it turns out in the last act that the young man did indeed murder his father, and was executed; and all that led to suspicion of him was his eagerness in making known his father's death."

"I remember it perfectly," I answered.

"This man's manner to-night reminded me of that young man on the stage. I have been thinking of it ever since you left."

I then communicated my suspicions to Jane, and she agreed with me that Colonel Warfield had been murdered, and that the assassins were those who seemed so solicitous to get medical aid when they well knew that all aid was in vain.

The next day the coroner's jury decided that Colonel Warfield came to his death by taking arsenic. I had been summoned before it, as well as James and Mrs. Lockett; but I had given in only the facts with which I had to do professionally, with which my private suspicions had no connection. I simply stated that I had been sent for, and that the patient died while my hand was on his pulse. The post-mortem examination showed a large quantity of arsenic in the stomach. Neither jury or coroner seemed to have any suspicion of criminal poisoning. The fact that James had come for me seemed to forestall all suspicion of foul play. And so it would have done from mine own mind, into which not an idea of foul play would have entered but for the unnatural eagerness of the messenger.

The will of Colonel Warfield was opened on the day of his funeral. It bequeathed twenty thousand pounds to trustees to erect a hospital for strangers—as if this disposition of his badly acquired wealth could whitewash the handwriting against him on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." The remainder of his estate, including his richly furnished house, he devised to a church; and to James Seeling and Mrs. Dorothy Lockett he bequeathed each a thousand pounds.

Here, then, was a motive, I saw at once, for the murder. The two were evidently aware of the nature of the will; and having waited till their patience wearied for his death, they concluded to dispatch him to the other world and raise the alarm of suicide.

My opinion of their guilt being now positive, I found myself placed in a very trying position.

Duty called on me to give publicity to my suspicions and bring these two persons to punishment; but the fear that I might at last be wrong, and unable to prove the charge of murder against them, kept me silent. I was tortured for many weeks by the conflict. I lost sleep, appetite and health. In the meanwhile James and Mrs. Lockett had married and removed with their money to a neat house in the suburbs of the city. Their marriage only made me more positive. Finally, I informed my wife that I had resolved to make the charge of murder against them. She was as certain of their guilt as I was, but she trembled lest I should not be able to sustain it, when ruin to my practice would be the consequence—if nothing worse. Her apprehensions caused me to delay it, until at length I could endure the secret of my suspicions no longer. I began to look upon myself as a partner to the murder by preserving silence. I felt that my mind would suffer unless I relieved it of the weight upon it. One morning, therefore, at daylight, after passing a sleepless night, I rose and dressed myself with more care than I had given to my toilet for many days.

"Jane," I said to my wife as I took my hat, "I have made up my mind. I am going straight to a magistrate."

"You are right," she said firmly. "You have not been yourself since the coroner's inquest. I have no doubt that God will bring the murder out."

These few words strengthened me. I went out and sought a magistrate, and before him solemnly charged James Seeling and Dorothy Lockett with causing the death of Colonel Hugh Warfield by administering arsenic to him. Before night they were both arrested and in jail.

"Suppose that I should not be able to prove it," I groaned as I awoke in the night and reflected that they were both at that moment in

prison by my act. But I prayed for strength, and that Heaven would make the truth manifest.

They were brought to trial. Their separate examination clearly showed their guilt; for they agreed in nothing. The bar and bench, as well as the spectators, were as convinced of their guilt as I was before the trial was half through. The woman, finding that it was useless to plead innocence longer, finally confessed that the arsenic was purchased by herself, but administered by Seeling; and that their object in committing the murder was to obtain sooner the money which they knew he had given to them in his will.

They were both executed on the same gallows. Though I could not but commiserate their wretched end, I felt relieved of a weight that had nearly destroyed my health and peace of mind, and was once more restored to that cheerfulness which ever results from the consciousness of having performed a duty, however painful that duty may have been in its nature. Thus had two persons justly suffered death for a crime, to whom suspicion would never have been directed but for the overacting of their part.

## THE EMPTY ALTAR.

"What a frightful-looking old woman!"

We were standing on the steps of my residence, looking idly up and down the street, when this aged, decrepit creature tottered along at our feet, causing my friend to make the above remark. He was ashamed of the words the instant they were uttered, for she had heard them, and, pausing abruptly, raised her sunken, watery eyes to his face with a glance of mingled reproach and grief. He begged her pardon hastily, and, hoping to atone farther for his lapsus lingue, put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a coin which he urged her to accept. Her thin, colorless lips curled scornfully, and, pushing the money aside with an indignant motion, she said:

"I am not a beggar, young man, no more am I hurt by your words. Nothing of this world can hurt me. Do you think I am not conscious of my ugliness? Do you think I envy these laughing girls in their gaudy dresses, with their fond hearts and high hopes? Dreams—delusions—delights—dreads—distrusts—deceptions—darkness—death!"

She counted each word on her long, bony fingers, with her strange eyes rolling from my friend to myself, and laughed as she concluded—a shrill, hollow laugh.

Unaccountably, I felt a singular interest in the poor old creature, both from the peculiar sadness that at intervals crept into her voice, and the evidences that her language gave of her having known refinement. Eager to learn more of her, for I felt that she had a history of no common sort locked in her breast, I said:

"Come in, please, and rest yourself awhile. You can tell us something that will interest us, I am sure."

She looked at me steadily an instant, and then glanced somewhat contemptuously at the lace curtains at the windows.

"You live in a fine house," she muttered, a queer smile wrinkling her face. "But I've been in finer ones. Yes, I'll come in."

I extended my hand to help her up the steps, but she waved it away with an imperious gesture, and, lifting her faded dress, hobbled on after me into the house. Placing an easy-chair by one of the windows, I bade her sit down, and then seated myself beside my friend on the sofa.

For some minutes she gazed around the room, various emotions reflecting themselves on her sallow, withered face; and then, with the same smile of pity and contempt that I had noticed before with curiosity, she said:

"You want me to tell you of my life, don't you? You want to know if such a coarse, uncouth woman was ever young—if ever these dull eyes of mine sparkled as your lady's do when you look at them! Ha, ha! you can't see far yet; you are bound up in life. I am free! I pity you, for much of the misery that comes to every body is ahead of you while mine has all passed."

We remained silent. Raising one bony, russet-hued arm, she pushed up the sleeve and showed us the blue veins, corded and knotted like strands of rope, and the parchment-like flesh all hard and sear. Shaking her head until her long gray hair tumbled down over her face, she said:

"That arm was white and round and soft as a babe's nearly sixty years ago. It looks like a falsehood, doesn't it? I was twenty years old then, and had refused dozens of offers from the best men in the kingdom. I am a gentlewoman—or rather was. Knights, dukes knelt before me and begged for this hand—this. It was rosy then and small, and full of blood and life. Did I dream then of seeing it thus? I was a queen. My beauty was sworn by, my smiles were sought after as men seek for diamonds, and my eyes were compared to the sky when bluest. Ah, how I lived! how I revelled in the enjoyment of my power—how proud of my face, my teeth, my hair! Look now how dead and gray! But it was golden then—golden as the sunshine, and hung down to my slippers when loose. 'Twill never fade, I thought; I shall always be worshipped—I shall never be neglected! We are born fools, and pay for wisdom with misery—all of us!"

Clenching her hands she shook them a mo-

ment, and then, dropping her chin upon them, continued:

"Ha, ha! who has a right to pride save Time? See this crooked body, this shrivelled neck, these bent and trembling limbs! But long ago, yes, long ago, 'twas different. I was a girl, and I loved! I lay awake nights and conned over the sweet words my love had spoken, and blest my beauty for his sake. He was poor, so I had so much more to give him; for I was rich—a pet, a belle, and wilful too. My own father gave up to me, and I reigned a queen, as I said. Well-a-day! 'twas long time ago. He was a sailor, was my lover; but I made him an officer, I and my money. When he was near me all the earth was away; when my hand was in his I thought there was no greater heaven. I laughed at titles then, and snapped my fingers in the faces of dukes—these some fingers. I stood before my mirror and played with my hair, pinched my red cheeks, smiled at my white teeth, gloried in my round, plump form, and called them all his. He called me Cinderella, because my feet were so small; in those days I always wore a number one satin boot. Now—now look! flat, misshapen they are, and wide. Time mocks the soul—time is death's agent, and life is a glittering hope, that leads to oblivion!"

With a low, rattling groan she swayed herself to and fro in her chair for a moment. At length, pushing her hair under her hood, she went on, rapidly:

"My father's house was a palace—the carpets of velvet, the curtains of silk. My chamber was fit for an Eastern princess. My wedding-day was at hand, and I was happy—oh, happy as the birds on a summer's morning! My Wilford would soon be mine, and I, his, and we would live for each other; we would visit foreign countries hand in hand; we would always be together, happy in each other's love, and live in a sweet intoxication; we would die together, and would go to heaven together, I thought. Ha, ha! but that was a long, long time ago!"

I felt a chill creep over me as I listened to her strange words, and looking at my friend I saw that his face was a shade whiter.

"Wilford was to be at the house at eleven o'clock in the morning," she proceeded, in a harsh, rasping voice. "I saw him the night before, and we talked over all our plans; he was to resign his commission, so that we might never be apart. Oh, what dreams I had that night! earth was a paradise; but that was a long time ago. At half-past ten in the morning I was dressed in my bridal robes, and my bridesmaids said I looked like an angel. They were all with me, and I was so proud, so happy, so full of delight! I can see Laura Perrusy and Marion Morton now—see them, here right before me, as they stood then, and I turning my head towards them to listen to the sweet prophecies they were whispering. Alack-a-day! my race is most run!"

"Well, well, you're listening to me, are you? So I went downstairs in my laces and satins and my father caught his breath when he saw me, and said I was too lovely for earth! I ha, ha! Wilford had not come yet, and I waited for him in the sitting-room, and heard the voices of the guests in the great drawing-rooms, and wondered what was keeping my love. The time passed, and my bridesmaids began to look anxious; but I laughed, and said my darling was late with his toilet—he would come very soon! My father walked from room to room in a restless way, and glanced every minute into the great hall, and held his watch in his hand most all the time. 'Twas half past the hour, but I had no fear; I knew my Wilford would come, and everybody might say just what they pleased; and so I sat smiling, while the bridesmaids shook their heads at each other and pitied me.

"By-and-by, when twelve o'clock had passed, and the guests were whispering among themselves my father came to me with a very white face and said, 'Luella, what do you think? Why is he not here?' 'He is either ill, dead, or held a prisoner, else he would come to me—his love, his promised wife!' I saw tears in my father's eyes, and then a secret voice told me that he had heard something of my darling. 'Is he dead?' I cried, and I clutched my father's arm and stared him in the face. 'Worse,' he said, almost choking. 'He left London this morning—he has deserted you, Luella! Curse him! curse him for ever!' and my father ground his teeth.

"I felt a chill run all over me; then my flesh burned, and my head throbbed so that I lost my eyesight. I remember tearing at my dress, and stamping on my veil—those mocking things—those false, glittering robes—those white, sheeny garments! Oh, if I could but rend them into shreds—beat them into the earth out of my sight."

The old woman suddenly paused, and word her hands together, while her aged form rocked to and fro, and her eyes glared and protruded from their sockets. At intervals she gasped for breath like a dying animal, and, becoming alarmed, I arose to get her a glass of water; but she seemed to divine my intention, and ordered me back into my seat with a fierce gesture of contempt.

"Have I lived through the reality to faint at the memory? I lived, ha, ha! but for years I lived in a mad-house. Do you know what it is to be mad?"

Her eyes seemed to burn green as she spoke, her voice sounded like the hiss of a snake, and her features were contorted into horrible shapes. My friend Russ shuddered involun-

tarily, and I could not bear to look at her. She waited for an answer and we shook our heads.

"I'll tell you," she shrieked, bursting into a shrill, frightful laugh. "I'll tell you what it is to be raving mad—oh, yes, I'll tell you! Don't start. You're men—men should not fear a palsied old woman! I saw myself doubled. I was two persons, and my second self followed me day and night, weeping, weeping and moaning all the time. But I couldn't touch her, she would fly away whenever I tried to take her hand, I could not approach within six inches of her until—one terrible hour when she came to me, but headless! With a groan which came from I knew not where, since her head was gone, she pointed to her heart. I screamed and tried to move, but in vain. I could not control a muscle of my body. Then all became black, black as the blackest night the world ever saw. I felt myself moving—moving slowly as if in a boat, and upon my ears sounded the rush of waters.

"At length my eyes opened and I beheld myself in a basket, with my bridal robes thrown across my limbs. Behind me stood a skeleton grinning at me with his fleshless jaws, while his bony hands wielded a paddle with astonishing rapidity. I looked over the side of the basket, and saw that the stream we were on was red, and I wondered why the liquid did not come through the cracks of the basket. 'Almost there!' my boatman kept saying, in a hollow voice. 'Almost there!'

She passed her hand over her brow, drew a long breath, and then, nodding her head, continued:

"When I regained my reason I was told I had been in the asylum three years. I looked at myself in the glass, and started back with a cry of pain. My glorious hair was cut short, I had now only a few ring curls in my neck, and a straggling few on my brow. My face was thin, sharp and sallow; my eyes had lost their beauty, and my form was spare and ungraceful. I wept, and vowed never to look at my reflection in another mirror.

"After resting a few days with some kind friends who knew my history, I expressed a wish to go home and see my father; then I saw them gaze sadly at each other, pityingly upon me, and I knew that my kind father was dead. I bore it remarkably well, though it aroused rage in my soul when I thought who had brought all this upon us, and I swore to have revenge upon the villain Wilford. This was the first time I had thought of him since I came out of the asylum, and it brought the past vividly to my mind. Resolving to find this man if he was on earth, I asked my friends to aid me in obtaining possession of my father's property. This could not be done until it could be shown that my reason was again firmly established, and so I had to wait a long, long year. I had improved a little in appearance during that time, though I was still far from resembling my former self.

"Having at last gained my right, I sold my town and country residences, and put the proceeds in a bank along with the heavy deposits that were there previously. Now I strove to find some trace of Wilford, and, after examining many witnesses and making a long and wearisome search, I found that a man answering to his description had sailed for Spain in the barque 'Saint Moro,' four years before, on the day following my intended marriage. My efforts were now directed to finding the captain of this vessel, and at last after a year of trouble I succeeded, but he could tell me little more than I had learned already. I now resolved to go to Spain, and prosecute my search in person. Ah, me! but that was a long, long time ago!"

The poor old creature sighed, and covered her face with her wrinkled hands.

"Did you find him?" Russ asked, encouragingly.

"Yes, yes, I found him, didn't I swear I would, and did I ever break my oath?" she replied, clenching her fist and speaking with great vehemence. "I found him allied to a noble family, and happy in the possession of a dark-eyed wife and a prattling babe. But I guarded against recognition by him even before I began my search, which occupied a year, bringing me up to the age of twenty-five. I colored my hair and my eyebrows black, bought myself a title—titles were always cheap in Spain, but cheaper to-day than ever—and made my entry into court. Now I was near him, heard his voice daily and saw him look with fondness upon his wife. Don't think that I felt any desire to kill either of them—I was well born remember, and not low. But still I would have revenge, a fine delicate, yet deadly revenge.

"Being recognized as an equal—for which I blessed my money—I soon made the acquaintance of Wilford and his wife, and was a frequent visitor at their house. By degrees I worked my way into the affections of the countess, and became her intimate friend. Of course I saw Wilford—now Count Calmo, a great deal, but he never suspected me, the dolt, he was like all men, blind except in his own conceit. The countess, like all her race, was fiercely jealous, and some times when her husband was talking to me I could see her eyes flash and her lips come together. In this lay my advantage, and I clutched it at eagerly.

"One day while chatting with her I learned that Wilford had first seen her at Cadiz, when his ship was laying off there, and she had fallen in love with him. Now I knew what had broken his allegiance to me—the glitter of a Spanish coronet. Carefully, artfully I aroused her jealousy against a beautiful lady of the court whom her husband frequently addressed, and



at last the countess grew furious. I laughed in secret, but bade her not be rash; told her that I would watch them and keep her informed of their movements. By this time I was acquainted with all the parties and so I could work my plans easily.

"Sending a letter to the lady, I obtained her presence in the garden of the count's mansion, and then telling him that his wife was there, I ran into the house to bring her to witness the meeting. The count flew to the arbor, where he supposed his wife to be, and two minutes later I was there with his wife, watching them through the trees. It seems that he had embraced the lady, who at first sight was much like his wife, and that she, having secretly loved him, received it as a tribute of affection and would not believe he had mistaken her for his wife.

"When we reached the place she was reproaching him with bitterness, and shaking the letter I had written her in his face. The countess dashed in upon them with blazing eyes, tore the letter from the lady's hand and glancing to the bottom of the page saw the count's signature. Oh, wasn't she angry then! She would have killed him on the spot if she had possessed a weapon, but I had foreseen this, and hid all she owned. Down upon his knees dropped the count—my Wilford of old—and begged and protested; but all in vain, his wife would not believe a word he said. Oh! it made me heart glad to see his anguish and hear his voice in supplication. But that was a long, long time ago!"

The old woman closed her eyes, and laid her head back as if very weary.

The twilight had deepened into dark; arising, I lighted the gas.

"Won't you take a little refreshment now, Luella?" said Russ, not knowing what other name to use.

"Who calls me, Luella?" she cried, staring forward excitedly, and then added, with a chuckling laugh. "It's my name yet, though I am faded and ugly. No, I eat only three times a day, young man. Well, my fine count had to leave his fair countess, or die, for she swore she would kill him, and she meant it. Twice I folled her in her attempts to poison him, and then he was only too eager to get away. He knew that I had saved his life, and he was grateful, he said. Bah! his gratitude! One night he stole away, taking his child—a little girl—with him, and succeeded in secreting himself in a vessel bound for England.

"Shortly afterward I left Spain, and returned to London. Finding that I had so changed that my friends in London did not know me, I gave out word that Luella, was dead, and I was her heiress. As I had all the necessary papers to prove this—death certificates are easily bought—and all the certificates of money deposited, I easily came into possession of my own fortune, and attended my own funeral, attired in deep black. Of course I had to buy a corpse to represent myself, but that was no particular trouble. Ha! ha! money will do anything. This safely accomplished, I caused my lawyers to write to Wilford, tell him of Luella's death, and that he was heir to ten thousand pounds. You may be sure that this brought him and the child to London in a trice. He visited my grave, made a great show of sorrow, heaped reproaches upon himself, called me an angel, and then took expensive lodgings, and began to spend my money freely. Announcing that I was going to France, I shut myself up for a week, then I presented myself before Wallace Wilbraham, as he now called himself, and requested a place as governess for his child. He liked my appearance, and I at once began my duties. I hated the man now, hated him with as much fervor as I ever had loved him.

"I had been there a week, and it was now time to commence to torture him. Dressing myself in white, I put on a wig of golden hair, and appeared before him after he had retired, as Luella. The device was a perfect success. He shivered and groaned. The second time I appeared he fired at me twice with his pistols, but as I had taken good care to remove the bullets I was not harmed, and his belief that I was a veritable ghost was strengthened. He now became moody and sullen, and trembled at the slightest sound. Oh, it was food and drink to me to see his misery! Twice a week for a whole month I walked as a ghost, and my master grew thin, nervous and sleepless. Often I heard him praying to have the phantom removed from him, and my heart leaped with delight as I witnessed his suffering. At length he took to drinking, and remained in a stupor the greater part of the time. Earth had no peace for him. He was reaping his reward for the agony he had inflicted upon me. Gradually but surely he was going to his death, and in three months from that time he met it. Remorse killed him—I did not. I felt no pangs when I saw him cold before me, but I remembered the day when in my white robes I waited for him—waited, and had faith in him when all around me doubted him. Well-a-day, that was a long time ago."

The old woman worked her hands, and muttered some unintelligible words to herself.

"What became of the child?" I asked, deeply interested in this marvellous story.

"His child? oh! yes," she mumbled, passing her hand across her brow, "I took her. She was then four years old. I named her Stella Wilbraham, to suit myself, and looked out for her as tenderly as if she were my own, and gave her a good education. When she was twenty years old she married; she was miserable, after the first five years of her married life, and often came to me for comfort. I gave

her all I could, but my sympathy for married people isn't much. Stella lived to forty years of age, then I helped lay her out for the grave, and took her only child home with me, to bring up as I had her mother.

"I was sixty-three years old when Stella died, and her little girl was just five. Now the little one is a young woman of nineteen, beautiful and good—too good—some villain will win her and make her miserable, I suppose. Alack-a-day, so the world goes! I've seen much in my time—more than the most of women. But my day's most run out."

"Do you think she is insane, or is all this true?" whispered Russ.

The old woman's quick ear had caught his words, and before I could reply she darted a scornful look at him from her sunken eyes, and said, impatiently:

"Have I strength or time to amuse two nineties with a pack of falsehoods? Do you think I could make up all this? Out upon you for a stupid ingrate."

Scowling darkly, she drew her old shawl around her and arose to her feet. Russ apologized but she paid no heed to his words; she had evidently taken a strong dislike to him. As she left us I asked her where she lived, and thanked her for telling us her history, but she said brusquely that when she wanted to see me again she would come where I was, and that she told her story because she liked to, not to please us.

"Can it be truth?" said Russ, looking at me in mingled perplexity and anxiety.

I returned his glance, and perceived at once that there was something on his mind. Wondering what he could be, I answered:

"My dear fellow, truth is stranger than fiction every day in the week. As to our visitor being insane, that is absurd—no lunatic can break the thread of a story and recover it as she did. I tested her on that in the first part of her narrative, or rather we both did, by remaining silent. You know Shakespeare makes Hamlet say, when he is thought to be insane, 'Bring me to the test, and I the matter will re-word, which madness would gambol from.' But what troubles you? for that something does is very evident."

"I'll tell you, Walter," Russ answered, rather nervously, and trying hard to avoid my gaze. "You know Flora Mayne? Yes, of course you do. Well, I have been very attentive to her for some eight months, and I am confident she loves me. She is a good girl, and I really think a great deal of her, but lately I have been much with Marion Vesey. Marion is rich, you know, and beautiful—"

"And you are considering which it the better investment," I said reprovingly. "For shame. Your income is enough to be comfortable on—let Marion go, and return to Flora."

"By Jove, I will!" he exclaimed, with evident relief. "It is the only way to satisfy my conscience. I may thank this old woman and you for making me take counsel of my heart instead of my ambition."

Four months subsequently Russ Leyden married Flora Mayne. Six months after that an aged woman died, leaving her adopted daughter ten thousand pounds. W. G. E.

## THE SIAMESE TWINS IN THEIR OWN LAND.

When I first saw the Siamese Twins their strange foreign features, and the few sentences spoken for my entertainment in the harsh dialect of their country, made as strong an impression on my childish fancy as the freak of Nature which had united them so closely. Yet I scarcely expected then ever to visit the place of their birth, or to converse with their parents in their own vernacular. When, however, after the lapse of years, my husband and myself were setting forth on our Eastern tour, we sought out the Twins in order to learn from them something of their former home and connections. They evinced much emotion when told that we should probably visit their country, and readily gave us the address of their parents. When we asked, "What message shall we take to them?" Chang said something in a low tone to his brother, at which Eng smiled and shook his head negatively, and then both spoke out, Chang saying, "Tell them we are coming home some time," and Eng adding, "—When we have made money enough."

The Twins were born some thirty miles southwest of Bangkok, in a little fishing-village that derives its name from the Ma Klaung ("Great Canal"), on which fronts the single narrow street of low, straggling houses that compose the town. But while Chang and Eng were yet in their infancy the parents removed to Bangkok, and were, when we saw them, living within four miles of the city. The father was a Chinaman, who spoke the Tai-Chen dialect. He was of medium height, somewhat stout, but well formed, and intelligent for one of the laboring class. The mother was born in Siam of a Chinese father and Siamese mother: so that the Twins were one-fourth Siamese and three-fourths Chinese, so far as parentage was concerned, and the people about Bangkok speak of them as the "Chinese Twins." Being born in the country, they spoke the Siamese language far more fluently than they did Chinese. They, however, wore the Chinese dress, and their hair braided à la Chinoise, as do always the male children of Chinese fathers; and the parents both spoke of their sons as Chinese, utterly ignoring their place of birth and the mother's nationality. The mother of the Twins was a

fair, comely woman of medium height and well-developed form. She had good health, and looked still youthful, though already the mother of fourteen children, nine of whom were then living. Two were prematurely born, two died in early infancy, and one, of small-pox, at the age of six years or thereabouts. Chang and Eng were the first-born sons of their parents, and there were four other pairs of twins and four children born one at a birth; but none except Chang and Eng had any abnormal peculiarity, and those that we saw were all healthy, intelligent and pleasing in appearance. Chang and Eng were born in the latter part of 1811 or early in 1812, we could not learn definitely which, as no record had been kept. The mother spoke of them as somewhat smaller at birth than her other offspring, and as seeming feeble for the first six months of their lives, Eng especially, who was never quite as large as his brother.

The notion that the Twins were in any sort one, that they were actuated by one mind or impulse, as had often been suggested, never seemed to have entered the mother's mind, and when questioned on the subject she utterly rejected the idea. She had never perceived that the illness of one affected the other: one sometimes cried while she was nursing his brother, or one might hurt his hand or foot, and the other not feel pain, but if the ligament that united the twain was touched just in the centre, both were conscious of it. They always played together as two, not as one; and when they began to prattle they oftener spoke to each other than to those about them. It is obvious why this habit of conversing together was not more common with the Twins as they grew older. Being always together and enjoying precisely the same facilities for acquiring information, there could be little occasion for one to communicate with the other.

The mother told us, further, that these children seldom disagreed with each other, though occasionally she had to interfere and compel one or the other to give up. Chang being larger, stronger, and more intelligent, ordinarily took the initiative, and Eng, who was decidedly amiable, while his brother was irritable, and sometimes passionate, seldom contended for the supremacy. But now and then, either that the rule of the stronger became too stringent, or that the weaker was in a less yielding mood than ordinary, these closest of friends would become so incensed as to make use of some very unfriendly epithets toward each other. A whisper in the ear of one was not heard by the other, and if he to whom the communication had been made failed to impart it at once to his brother, unkind words were sure to follow, and sometimes the coolness lasted for days. After the reconciliation, which was always cordial and entire, both brothers spoke deprecatingly of their quarrel, and for a long time were more devoted than ever to each other.

The mother said that at first the ligament that united the boys was so short as to compel them to face each other, nor could they turn in bed without being lifted up and laid in the desired position; but as they grew and exercised more freely, the ligament gradually lengthened, till they were able to stand side by side, and even back to back, and to turn themselves in bed by rolling one over the other.

The little cottage where the boys passed their childhood was of the sort known in Siam as "floating houses." They are one-story buildings, moored on the river bank, and kept in place not by anchors, but by large poles on each side driven into the muddy bottom. They are built either of teak boards or bamboo, roofed with attap leaves, and contain three or four rooms, of which the front one is a shop, besides a verandah that overlooks the river or canal. Here day by day, as the father piled his trade of catching fish or cleaned and sorted them for market, and the mother was selling wares in her little shop, the twin brothers amused themselves in the broad, cool verandah, watching their parents and aiding in such light labors as they were able to undertake. Sometimes they went fishing in the boat with their father; and like all Eastern children, they soon learned to swim, and spent much of their time in the water. One day, while they were thus engaged, Mr. Robert Hunter, a Scotch merchant residing in Bangkok, passed in his boat, and attracted by the perfect uniformity of the children's movements, he stopped to ascertain how they managed to keep thus closely side by side. One can imagine his amazement at the discovery of the cause; and from that day, which was some time during the year 1824, Mr. Hunter began concocting measures to get them off to Europe for exhibition. He spoke to the parents, to whom his plans seemed about as feasible as to send off their boys to another planet, and they would at first entertain no proposition on the subject. But Mr. H. continued to visit them from time to time, and by his genial nature soon won not only the hearts of the parents, but those of the boys themselves, till the latter became eager to set out on a tour over a world of which they heard such glowing accounts. Still, the parents held back, and all negotiations would probably have failed but for the opportune arrival, in the year 1829, of an American vessel commanded by Captain Coffin, who offering to give the parents a large bonus, and Mr. Hunter pledging an equal amount, the twins were handed over to the foreigners, and sailed immediately for Europe and the United States before the parents had time to change their minds. They were tractable, intelligent, well behaved lads, who gave their new guardians no trouble, nor during the entire voyage expressed any desire to return to their native land. Since then their reputation has become world-wide.

I saw them last in the fall of 1865, at the New England Agricultural Fair in Brattleboro', Vermont, where they were again exhibiting themselves, with two of their sons. The fathers were beginning to show marks of age, Eng especially, who looked five years older than his brother. They had nearly forgotten their native language, and in lieu of the deep emotion they had formerly evinced in speaking of their country, they seemed now to care very little about it, and wound up the conversation by saying nonchalantly, "America is our home now: we have no other."—From "OUR MONTHLY Gossip," by Fanny R. Feudge, in Lippincott's Magazine for March.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.**—A civet cat can live ten days without food, an antelope twenty days, an eagle twenty-eight days, a badger thirty days, and a dog thirty-five days; a crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three months, a bear six months, a chameleon, eight months, and a viper, ten months. Spiders, toads, tortoises, and beetles will maintain abstinence for an indefinite length of time.

**OLD MAIDS.**—Being an "old maid" implies decision of character; neither sham, nor shows, nor courtly manner, nor splendid persons, have won them over; nor fair promises, nor shallow tears. They looked beyond the manner and the dress, and finding no cheering indication of depth of mind and sterling principles, they gave up the specious present for the chance of a more solid future, and determined, in hope, and patience, and resignation, to "bide their time."

**A REMARKABLE WISH.**—Old Madame Rothschild, mother of the great capitalist, attained the age of ninety-eight. Her wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, were preserved to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she said in a suppliant tone to the latter, "Dear doctor, try to do something for me."—"Madam, what can I do? I can't make you young again."—"No, doctor, I don't want to be young again; but I want to continue to grow old."

**AN ENGLISH EARL'S DUTIES.**—When the Earl of Portland was in office as Groom of the Stole (in 1689), the royal orders were published which thus describe his office:—"Our Groom of the Stole, being present, is by virtue of his place, to put on the shirt we wear next our body, evening and morning, or as often as we shall change our linen; and, in his absence, the Gentleman of our Bedchamber then in waiting; and one of the Grooms of our Bedchamber is to warm our shirt before the fire, and hold the same till we are ready to put it on, and then to deliver it unto our Groom of the Stole, and, in his absence as before directed."

**CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.**—A distinguished lawyer was consulted upon an important and difficult case, which he studied for several days with anxious care. His wife then saw him rise in the night, and go to a desk in the bedroom. He sat down and wrote a long paper, which he carefully placed in the desk. He then returned to bed, and in the morning told his wife that he had dreamt of delivering a clear and luminous opinion about a case which had greatly perplexed him, and that he wished he could remember the train of thought of his dream. She directed him to the desk, and there he found the opinion clearly copied out, which proved to be correct.

**WITTY MANOEUVRE.**—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired.

But the Duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence."

And the Duke and Cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and six months afterwards was marshal of France.

**A SCOTCHMAN'S OPINION.**—A dinner party had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course, at an argument of this kind, a Scotchman possesses, from constant practice, overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent on every point. At last the Englishman put a poser.

"You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?"

"Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, sir, ours is a mountainous, your a flat country. Now if all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles."

**INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.**—To dream of a small stone around your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears. To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of a tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of fire, is a sign that, if you are wise, you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to



ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small  
Dropt from the skies;  
Only a laughing face,  
Two sunny eyes;  
Only two cherry lips,  
One chubby nose;  
Only two little hands,  
Ten little toes;  
Only a golden head,  
Curly and soft;  
Only a tongue that wags,  
Loudly and oft;  
Only a little brain,  
Empty of thought;  
Only a little heart,  
Troubled with naught;  
Only a tender flower,  
Sent us to rear;  
Only a life to love  
While we are here.

"Joy Cometh in the Morning."

A ST. VALENTINE STORY.

By the Author of "KATIE PETHERICK'S LUCK,"  
"MY SWEET SELF," &c.

"I am so glad it is raining! There is no chance of visitors to bore us this afternoon; so we can have our five-o'clock tea in peace and quietness," exclaims Gertrude Hillas, hastily entering her cousin's dressing-room. "Cousin Gertrude, do have it here—it looks so cozy and bright; and Gertrude Hillas the younger puts her arms coaxingly around Gertrude Hillas the elder.

"Very well, dear," replies the person addressed as "cousin Gertrude." "How is your mother now—easier, is she?"

"I think so. I have been reading to her, and she has just settled to try to have a sleep. But there is an invitation come that I want to talk to you about. I'll go and bring it—it is in mamma's room," and off the younger goes, leaving "cousin Gertrude" by herself.

A casual observer would have had some difficulty in making a guess as to the exact age of the latter. Small, yet dignified-looking, she has a faded, delicately-cut oval face, whereon even yet linger the roses of her youth. She is undeniably thoroughbred—from the smoothly-arranged coils of her abundant snowy hair to the arch of her pretty tiny foot. Gertrude Hillas, despite her gray hairs, is only thirty-six. Being unmarried and independent, and having no near family ties, she has always lived with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Hillas. The latter is a querulous hypochondriac, too selfish or too indolent to take an interest in her house or children, so that the management of it all, to a great extent, falls upon sweet, quiet "cousin Gertrude." Does one of the boys want to bring home a school-friend for the holidays, it is "cousin Gertrude" who obtains the permission, that in some way or other the boys feel instinctively can only be obtained by her, and her alone. Do fussy Mr. Hillas's accounts get into a state of hopeless confusion, it is "cousin Gertrude's" clear head that helps to put them straight again. And, now that Gertrude wants to go to the Loamshire Dispensary Ball, of course "cousin Gertrude" is the first person to be consulted respecting it.

Gertrude the younger returns, and there she sits—as pretty a girl as one could wish to look at on this dreary first of February. She is as "straight as an arrow," her slim girlish figure being draped in a long flowing silvery-gray dress, and her bonny brown hair tied with a blue ribbon the color of her eyes. She is just seventeen—

Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet

of her life—and is excitedly discussing the first great trouble of her existence—namely, the awful probability of her not being able to go to this, her first ball.

"You see, cousin Gertrude, if I don't go to this one, goodness only knows when I may have a chance of going to a ball again. Mamma says a London season would kill her, and won't let me go to either of my aunts."

"Oh, I dare say it will be managed some way," says the gentle voice of "cousin Gertrude." "Don't worry your mother too much about it, and perhaps she will feel well enough before the ball. There is plenty of time. Why, this is only the first, and the invitation is for the tenth!"

"If this were not such an out-of-the-way place, I shouldn't mind so much; but one has so little amusement here. No wonder the boys say it is a hundred miles from everywhere! I wish papa would take me up to London for a while."

"One thing at a time, Ger. Never mind London at present, but keep to the subject of the ball. What do you mean to wear?"

"What's the use of deciding upon anything?" says Ger, shaking back her shining curls petulantly. "There is every probability that I shall not go. Papa won't take me without a chaperon, and it is ten chances to one that mamma won't go after all."

"Cousin Gertrude" laughs softly. It is a peculiar idiosyncrasy of hers, that little laugh, and somehow or other it generally reassures the young folk. They seem to have a feeling that

things must go right, or "cousin Gertrude" could not laugh in that way. It half reassures Ger, who says—

"Of course I must wear white, as it is my first ball. Something all fluffs and puffs—that kind of thing looks best on me."

"You shall wear my pearls too, Ger."

"Cousin Gertrude—your lovely pearls!" and Ger's blue eyes sparkle with surprise and delight.

"Yes—I always intended them for you whenever you should come out. I am not likely ever to require them again;" and the little lady heaves just the very faintest suspicion of a sigh as she dreamily looks into the depths of her tea-cup.

The young girl looks at her, and says, suddenly—

"Cousin Gertrude, I wish you were coming to this ball. Why is it that you never care to go into company?"

"I have lost my taste for such frivolities," she says, smiling; "and so will you when you come to have a hoary head like mine."

"But I have heard mamma say that your hair was gray when you were a young girl."

"I think I shall go and see your mother," remarks "cousin Gertrude," rising, as if wishing to put an end to the conversation; "we must see what is to be done concerning this wonderful ball."

A week speeds by. At least half-a-dozen times Mrs. Hillas declared her intention of offering herself as a martyr upon the shrine of maternal affection and chaperonage, and as often has she renounced it. Ger has been in despair. Her dress has been sent down from London, and fits to perfection; and, with this, and "cousin Gertrude's" lovely pearls and her own bright face, a picture is presented which it seems a pity to deprive the Committee of the Loamshire Dispensary Ball the contemplation of. Her father, a true specimen of the wealthy, bucolic squire, is secretly congratulating himself upon the prospect of probable emancipation from the boredom of looking after his woman-kind, and revelling in the thought of meeting a few of his old cronies, with whom he intends getting into a quiet corner, and having a comfortable supper. Poor Ger does not get much sympathy from him, and to her proposal that he should be her chaperon he listens with as much horror as if she had requested him to attend the ball in his shooting-coat and bird's-eye necktie.

"No, no, Ger—it can't be done. If your mother is not well enough to go, you must stay at home."

Tears of disappointment are in the pretty blue eyes, and Ger says wistfully—

"Papa, I am sure that, if you or mamma were to ask Mrs. Vereker, she would take me along with her girls."

"What!" he exclaims. "Ask Mrs. Vereker, to bring out the daughter of a Hillas of Hilton! Nonsense! As you are so very anxious to go, why not try to persuade cousin Gertrude to chaperon you. Eh, Gertrude, what do you say?"

"Cousin Gertrude" blushes a little, and smiles faintly.

"Really, cousin William, I never thought of proposing myself; but, if Charlotte has no objection to my chaperoning Ger, I will do so with pleasure, rather than that she should lose the ball. And the angel of the household departs to broach the subject to Mrs. Hillas."

"I declare, Miss Hillas, you do look beautiful!" is the admiring exclamation of Simpson, as she hands "cousin Gertrude" her fan and handkerchief on the evening of the ball. Her mistress laughs a quiet little laugh as she surveys herself in the cheval glass. "Cousin Gertrude" has pointedly refused to wear a low-bodied dress—has objected to go at all unless she be allowed to dress in her own fashion. "Her own fashion" is a rich black velvet dress, with a square-cut body, the body, sleeves, and panier being trimmed with rich old point lace. A diamond pendant hangs from the broad black velvet round her throat, and diamond stars glisten amongst the coils of her snowy hair. She is contemplating her unwonted grandeur, and leisurely drawing on her gloves, when a tap is heard at the door.

"Come in," she says, and the merry face of Dick Hillas—one of the boys, home from school on sick leave—introduces itself. Entering the room with a comical gesture of awe, he walks on tiptoe round his cousin.

"My word, cousin Gertrude, you'll take the shine out of Ger to-night. You look stunning!"

"Why, is Ger dressed?"

"Yes; I offered the benefit of my valuable taste at her toilette, but was ungratefully and ignominiously expelled from the room. Stay, I hear her! Hallo, Ger, come here and feel yourself extinguished!"

Ger enters, looking fresh and pretty and girlish in a wonderful combination of white tulle and blue forget-me-nots. She makes a gesture of admiration and surprise at her cousin's appearance, and remarks, archly—

"Why, cousin Gertrude, you look as if you required a chaperon yourself! You look as if you had just stepped out of some old picture, with your white hair and your black velvet and lace. You only want a few patches on your face to be perfect."

"Then, for your sake, I'll not put on the patches, Ger," she says, laughingly; "it might ruin your prospects if I were to make myself too bewitching."

The ball is a very brilliant affair, for in addition to the officers of the Loamshire Invincibles, there are the officers of a regiment lately returned from Canada, and which, only a few days before, had been quartered in the neighboring town of Storeham. The flashing of the lights, the gay dresses, the uniforms, the inspiring music, the happy, merry faces of the young people, and the placid complacency of elders, are all pleasant to look at or listen to; and no one enjoys the scene more than "cousin Gertrude," who persistently sits amongst the chaperons at the end of the room, refusing to dance, although one or two old friends press her to do so.

The excitement has brought a flush to her sweet face and a sparkle into her eyes which make her look at least ten years younger. Strangers are asking who she is, and a tall, handsome officer of about forty-five takes a good long look at her, under cover of a friendly pillar, and thinks: "She must be married, or she would not dress in that way and sit amongst those old women; yet, somehow, I don't think she is," and Colonel Westby, by way of solving the difficulty, goes up to the master of the ceremonies, and says—

"Will you introduce me to Miss Hillas?"

The dapper little dancing-master, who is the master of the ceremonies, professes himself delighted to do so, promises Colonel Westby a treat, as Miss Hillas is one of his best pupils, and, leading him across the room, introduces him to Gertrude the younger.

There is nothing for it but to ask the young lady to dance. Fervently he hopes that she may be engaged; but the Fates are against him, and in two minutes he is whirling Ger round the room to the entrancing strains of the sweet "Soldaten Lieder," and all the while he is thinking—"of course the Gertrude Hillas I knew is married. She is just like every other woman. What an idiot I was even to fancy that she could be different! This young person is, I presume, a niece, or something of the kind."

A quarter of an hour later one of Ger's multitudinous partners brings her to her chaperon, who is looking so pale that the girl says to her in an undertone—

"Cousin Gertrude, I am afraid you are not well. What is the matter?"

"Nothing dear, only I have felt a little faint—it is the heat, I suppose."

Here Doctor Wallace—a stout middle-aged gentleman, and an old friend—interposes, saying—

"Come, Miss Hillas—come with me, and let me get you a glass of wine or something. Come, I insist upon it!" and the good-natured doctor draws her hand through his arm.

Colonel Westby, standing in a recess, sees the familiar action, and thinks: "Ah, that's the husband, I suppose. Gracious Heavens, what a fool I have been!"

It is four o'clock the next afternoon, and pretty Ger is sitting on the white, long-haired, fluffy hearth-rug in the drawing-room, her ball programme in her hand, discussing her last night's partners with "cousin Gertrude," who lies on the sofa. The latter has been very silent all day—fatigued, probably. But she had not danced, so what could it be?

"Mr. Lawrenson," Ger reads. "Oh, cousin Gertrude, I am sure that that young man has been taking lessons in dancing lately—you should have seen how he did all his steps!"

"Well, it shows that he is, at least an apt pupil."

Ger reads down the list, making comments as she goes along. At length she stops, puzzled.

"What name can this be? It is so very badly written that I cannot read it."

"Spell it," suggests "cousin Gertrude."

"Oh, I can't make anything of it—try if you can;" and she hands the programme to her cousin, who bends towards the firelight and reads off fluently—

"Colonel Westby."

"Oh, yes—of course I recollect—that nice gentleman with the great beard; he dances so nicely, too."

"Cousin Gertrude" also recollects that little fact, but she says nothing. Presently the door suddenly bursts open, and Dick rushes in, exclaiming, as he gives his cousin a hug—

"I say, Gertrude, here's a lark! Who'll say I haven't the spirit of prophecy? Didn't I say that you'd take the shine out of Ger last night?"

"I am afraid you were and are singular in your opinion, Dick," she says smiling at the lad's impetuosity.

"Not a bit of it! Fred Baker—you know he's an ensign in the Invincibles—well, he told me that ever so many people said that you looked stunning; and one old chap—a Colonel Westby—asked to be introduced to you, but was introduced to Ger by mistake. What a sell it must have been for him!" concludes Dick, pathetically, and with all the charming candor of a brother.

Ger laughs heartily, and enjoys the joke. "Cousin Gertrude" also laughs, but it is a strange little hysterical laugh, and all that evening she spends in her own room. Every one in the house says that she is tired after the unaccustomed excitement of the ball.

"Cousin Gertrude" is tired—very weary—yet something has

Eased the burden of her fears,  
And brought again the pleasure of past years.

It is the day before St. Valentine's Day, and Colonel Westby walks down the principal business street of Storeham. He stops at a shop door, turns his back to it, and looks cautiously up and down the street, with such a palpable affectation of indifference that the deception is a most pitiable failure. The very man in the shop sees through the pretence, and smirks behind his desk. As for Colonel Westby himself, he feels that the very little dog on the pathway which wags its tail and looks up at him so knowingly, is perfectly aware that he is contemplating buying a valentine, and intends consummating his temporary insanity by sending it to a woman whom he had loved fifteen years ago. Fifteen years ought to have obliterated the memory of an old love, but somehow or other, when Horace Westby heard yesterday that Gertrude Hillas was yet unmarried, he thought of a day long ago when her sweet face had lain on his shoulder, and her firm, gentle voice had said—

"We must part, Horace. We are too poor to think of marrying. I shall never marry another man. We may be better off in the future, but remember that you are not bound to me."

He had asked her to write to him, but she had refused, saying—

"No, for then you would feel yourself in a measure bound to me."

A year later he had heard of her having become an heiress, and, although soon after he had been very near her home, his pride has kept him from seeking her out, for he was still a poor man. But now he had returned a wealthy and distinguished officer, and through all he had cherished in his heart the remembrance of her words—

"I shall never marry another man."

Upon his return to England he had determined to find her out, and the unexpected sight of her as a chaperon at the Dispensary Ball, and the mistake about the introduction, had led him to believe her married; but with the knowledge of the truth that she was yet single had also come back a great deal of the love.

The obliging shopkeeper exhibits bales of valentines—valentines in boxes, valentines not in boxes; valentines with appeals capable of softening the most obdurate hearts; valentines all roses and lilies; valentines with the whole Heathen mythology upon them; valentines with figures of modern couples upon them, "bedecked and bedraped;" and valentines with figures "noble, and nude and antique." In fact, the shop is the repository of the cream of De la Rue's, Marcus Ward's and Parkins and Götto's establishments. Never was there seen such an array of valentines. Yet not one of them pleases Colonel Westby, who consumes his morning's search by merely purchasing a sheet of note-paper with an elaborately embroidered lace edge an inch and a half in depth. This he carries in a gingerly manner to his hotel, on his way thither as carefully avoiding his friends as if he were contemplating committing a forgery and felt that the intention was written on his forehead. Seated in his own room, he writes a few lines, the concluding ones being—

"I feel I needs must play a part  
Wherein is something to be done,  
If I would not be left alone  
Life-long, with love unsatisfied."

He addresses the envelope to "Miss Gertrude Hillas," and carries it to the post himself, saying as he drops it in—

"I shall call upon her to-morrow."

"Miss Gertrude Hillas," "Miss Gertrude Hillas"—two valentines, I suppose, for you, Ger;" and Mr. Hillas throws the missives across the breakfast-table to his daughter.

"My eye, isn't this a swellish arrangement?" ejaculates Dick, looking over his sister's shoulder at an elaborate combination of white satin and gold and flowers. "Who is it from, Ger?"

"Oh, from that stupid boy you brought home with you last summer—ridiculous fellow!"

"Ah, poor Bob Jellicoe; he's in a chronic state of love; he's always getting 'stuck,' for he spends his time in running after the girls and writing poetry to them. But, I say, who's your shabby lover?" he asks, as Ger opens the other envelope, which simply contains a sheet of lace-edged paper, with a few verses written thereon.

"I'm sure I don't know; I never saw the writing before."

"Ah, poor wretch," exclaims Dick, tragically "what a terrible state he must be in."

"I doesn't look like the writing of a young man," says Ger, regarding it attentively; "do look at it, cousin Gertrude."

"Cousin Gertrude" does as she is requested, and looks upon the well-known and well-remembered writing of Horace Westby. She reads the lines, and then suddenly leaves the breakfast-room.

When she gains her own apartment, "cousin Gertrude" locks the door, and, standing in the middle of the room, with her hand clasped and a strange look upon her scared white face, her thought goes back fifteen years; and the more Gertrude recalls the loving, earnest words and tones of the Horace Westby of long ago, the more convinced does she feel that that valentine was meant for her. But "cousin Gertrude" is a shy little woman and a proud little woman too; besides, she is somewhat afraid of making herself look ridiculous, if she should dare to ask Ger for it. And as she sits thinking a sudden thought comes like a great cloud to obscure the sunshine which has arisen in her heart, and she reflects—

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"My eye, isn't this a swellish arrangement?" ejaculates Dick, looking over his sister's shoulder at an elaborate combination of white satin and gold and flowers. "Who is it from, Ger?"

"Oh, from that stupid boy you brought home with you last summer—ridiculous fellow!"

"Ah, poor Bob Jellicoe; he's in a chronic state of love; he's always getting 'stuck,' for he spends his time in running after the girls and writing poetry to them. But, I say, who's your shabby lover?" he asks, as Ger opens the other envelope, which simply contains a sheet of lace-edged paper, with a few verses written thereon.

"I'm sure I don't know; I never saw the writing before."

"Ah, poor wretch," exclaims Dick, tragically "what a terrible state he must be in."

"I doesn't look like the writing of a young man," says Ger, regarding it attentively; "do look at it, cousin Gertrude."

"Cousin Gertrude" does as she is requested, and looks upon the well-known and well-remembered writing of Horace Westby. She reads the lines, and then suddenly leaves the breakfast-room.

When she gains her own apartment, "cousin Gertrude" locks the door, and, standing in the middle of the room, with her hand clasped and a strange look upon her scared white face, her thought goes back fifteen years; and the more Gertrude recalls the loving, earnest words and tones of the Horace Westby of long ago, the more convinced does she feel that that valentine was meant for her. But "cousin Gertrude" is a shy little woman and a proud little woman too; besides, she is somewhat afraid of making herself look ridiculous, if she should dare to ask Ger for it. And as she sits thinking a sudden thought comes like a great cloud to obscure the sunshine which has arisen in her heart, and she reflects—

"But is he not married? They told me so long ago."



"Cousin Gertrude" cannot unravel the mystery. Her customary equanimity is so disturbed that she feels she cannot encounter the battery of the eyes of the young people who would be sure to detect anything unusual in her manner, so, putting on her walking attire, she determines to go and spend the day at the Rectory, two miles away.

"I shall be back to dinner," she says to the servant in the hall. "I am going to walk to the Rectory."

"Miss Gertrude Hillas?"

"Yes, sir," and Colonel Westby is ushered into the drawing-room, where Ger sits at the piano.

After the usual greetings, Ger decorously offers apologies for her mother's non-appearance on the score of ill-health. The Colonel looks sympathetic, and keeps wondering why "cousin Gertrude" does not come. Of course, he concludes, the servant has told her.

A fifteen minutes' conversation ensues, and, as he rises to go, Colonel Westby says—

"Miss Gertrude Hillas—I hope she is quite well."

"Quite well, thank you. She went away after breakfast this morning, to spend the day with a friend."

Colonel Westby walks under the trees of Hilton Park, unwardly anathematizing himself for having sent that valentine. It is quite evident that Gertrude Hillas does not care for him now. Of course she never had cared—her little, sweet ways were those of a confirmed flirt, not those of the good, sweet woman he had ever imagined her to be! What a fool he was to fancy that she ever had loved him—to fancy that a woman could be constant!

Colonel Westby leans over a little rustic bridge, the dark, grand old woods behind him, and a pleasant vista of woodland before him: the little stream beneath rushes over the moss-grown stones, whilst a clear wintry sunset touches with silver the yet leafless branches of the trees. But he sees nothing of all this—at least, if he does, he is not aware of it; the trees may be covered with the tender green clothing of the spring for anything he knows. He is in a thoroughly bad temper, and tries to give vent to it by viciously kicking the stones into the brook below.

So intent is he upon his employment that he does not notice that a lady is watching him—a quiet little lady in a soft gray dress and a scarlet cloak, who has emerged from one of the woodland paths. Swift blushes chase each other across her sweet but somewhat faded face. At last she nerves herself, and, instead of passing Colonel Westby, with a beating heart she approaches and, holding out her hand, says—

"How are you? I am very glad to see you."

He starts as if a ghost, or hamadryad, or something equally abnormal, had appeared. There stands the cause of all his annoyance; yet, somehow or other, he cannot make up his mind to seem very terrible. However, he determines to be cool—yes, very cool—to treat her just as indifferently as she has apparently treated him. All this time he has not said anything, and is standing with her hand in his, looking down at the sweet upturned face; and she, interpreting his silence differently, says, with quivering lips and a heart beating tumultuously at her own ferocity—

"You sent a valentine to Hilton?"

His face flushes, but he holds her hand more tightly.

"Yes: did you not receive it?"

"No; it was addressed to Miss Gertrude Hillas—I am Miss Hillas now. You see I am not so young as I once was. My cousin received it—but I thought it was for me."

Where is his anger now? He knows or cares not. A great joy takes its place as he whispers—

"Gertrude, I went to Hilton to-day to ask you to become my wife. I have never loved any one else."

"Nor have I any but you, Horace."

He folds her in his arms, and, as he does so, he strokes her hair, and inquires—

"But about these white hairs, Gertrude?"

"I had a dreadful illness, and after it my hair became quite white," she informs him.

"What caused the illness?" he pursues, in all innocence.

The question has to be repeated several times before she answers—

"I heard you were married."

"Well, who was right?" exclaims Dick, exultingly, the next day. "Cousin Gertrude, didn't I tell you you'd take the shine out of Ger?"

"Come here, Dick, till I whisper something to you. When you were a little fellow in petticoats I knew Horace Westby, and we each promised never to marry any one else."

Dick's eyes grow wider with amazement.

"And really, cousin Gertrude, has he come back for you?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry you're going, cousin Gertrude—awfully sorry," and there is a suspicious moisture in the affectionate lad's eyes; "but he's the right sort, and I'm sure you'll be happy."

With her whole heart "cousin Gertrude" endorses Dick's estimate, and there comes into her mind the words of the "sweet singer"—

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

"AT EVENING TIME SHALL BE LIGHT."

Little winds that start and shiver,  
Breathing out their perfumes faintly,  
Fret the bosom of the river,  
Toss the lilies tall and saintly.

Sounds like far-off echoes calling  
Break the calm in fitful rushes;  
And the noise of water falling  
Fills the air with liquid gushes.

Shadows like to grasping fingers  
Steal across the grass and flowers—  
Jealous of the light that lingers,  
Night sends forth her sombre flowers.

Throbbings of the dying sunlight,  
Gold and purple, stain the skies;  
While, slow brightening through the dim light,  
Stars look down like angel eyes.

Seems it, as that light dies slowly,  
Die our thoughts of care and strife;  
Seems it, as those stars rise, holy  
Yearnings wake in us to light.

Through the silence so unbroken,  
As the last faint glow departs,  
Thrills the tender promise spoken  
Years ago to faithful hearts.

When Life's evening shades have found us,  
And our day draws on to night,  
Then, 'mid all the gloom around us,  
God hath said, "There shall be light!"

Not earth's light upon our faces,  
Fickle gleam that soon departs,  
But the shine of inner graces—  
God's own sunlight in our hearts!

## THE KNOCK AT MY DOOR.

I had just taken my seat at the tea-table with my wife, a rare privilege, and one on which she was smilingly congratulating herself, as she poured out the fragrant cup (for the numerous calls upon me at this season seldom gave me time to eat a regular meal), when there was a loud, imperative rap at the door. I knew from experience that it signified an urgent and immediate demand for my aid in some critical and alarming case.

"I do wish," said Jane, petulantly, "that they would give you time to eat. Whoever it is, don't think of going out until you have had your tea, Charles."

Accustomed to such interruptions, I began hurriedly to take my tea, while my wife forbade the serving woman to go to the door yet, saying that she would give me time to finish my meal. The knocking was now redoubling in strokes, and fairly shook the house, echoing around the neighborhood, so that I could see the heads of our neighbors thrust out of the windows to see what was the matter.

"I must go, Mistress Jane," said the ancient woman, who was our only servant; for I was young in practice then, and having great horror of debt, I lived very economically; "I must open the door, or they will break it down."

I was quite convinced that some extraordinary occasion must have given rise to this earnest appeal at my door, and putting down my cup of tea, I rose and went to it myself. Upon opening it, I saw a man standing before me dripping wet, for it was raining, and a heavy wind was howling down the narrow street. His face was pale, and his eyes wild and eager. His appearance was that of a man in the middle station of life, with narrow shoulders, straight white hair, a nose that turned up, and a physiognomy that did not prepossess me favorably.

"Doctor," he cried, with great agitation, and appearing to be almost overcome with horror, "come, sir. Quick, sir. Do not delay a minute, sir. The Colonel has poisoned himself, sir. Run, sir!"

"What colonel? Where does he reside?" I asked, taking my coat and hat from their accustomed place, while Jane, whose sympathies completely took the place of her annoyance at my being interrupted, hastened, without asking, like a good wife, to bring me the stomach-pump. All this time the messenger was talking with exceeding volubility.

"The colonel has been desponding, sir. He fancied he was going to lose his property. He hasn't seemed himself for several days, sir. I told the housekeeper to watch him, sir. I expected he would take poison, he talked so of death; and he once asked me, doctor, which I thought easiest, shooting or poison. I don't know how he got it. We kept everything away from him. Hurry, doctor—he will be dead before we get back. Let me carry the pump."

I never knew a man so excited and anxious. He fairly caught me by the arm to drag me out of the door. He inspired me with something of his earnestness, and telling my wife that I would not be gone long, I followed him through the stormy night up the street. He almost ran away from me, and then coming back, he would seize my coat and pull me forward.

"For God's sake, doctor, quick as you can! I would not for the world he should be dead before you get there!"

It was about half an hour after dark. The shops were lighted up, though but few persons were moving along the pavements on account of

the driving rain. At the head of the street we turned to the right, and the buildings now sheltering us from the wind, I asked him again, as we still hurried on, who the gentleman was.

"It is Colonel Warfield, doctor. I am his serving man."

As soon as I heard the name I knew that it was a retired president of a bank, whom I had often met riding out in his carriage, and who, I was told, suffered from a paralysis of one side. I knew that he was very rich and a bachelor, and had the reputation of being very fond of his money, which, rumor whispered, he had not come by altogether in the most honorable manner, having, as president, privately availed himself of the bank funds to enrich himself, when they ought to have been locked up in the vaults of the bank. But as nothing could be proved against him, and as he resigned as soon as he found men make too free with his name, he was never brought to any trial, but suffered to live in the obscurity which he seemed to prefer, with total loss of caste. His riches, nor his fine equipage, nor large mansion, he found, could command him respect where character was wanting. He therefore lived isolated from all society, with but two servants—a housekeeper and waiting-man, who was also his coachman. It was this latter personage who had come for me.

I soon reached the street in which stood the mansion of the rich banker. It was a spacious and imposing edifice, three stories high, with a costly iron fence before it, a spacious Ionic portico adorning the entrance ascended by marble steps. A solitary light was visible from one of the windows of the colonel's chamber, which was on the second floor in front.

The man ran across the street through the mud and water, not heeding the drier crossings which I took.

"Hasten, sir. There is not a moment to lose," he cried, throwing open the gate.

I was soon at the door, at which was standing holding it half open, a thin sharp-visaged woman waiting for us.

"Is it the doctor, James?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes. Heaven be thanked that I found him at home! I went to the nearest. How is he now, Mrs. Lockett?"

"He is just alive, doctor," she answered, addressing me as she held the door open for me to pass. "Upstairs, the first door, left hand. Oh, it is a dreadful business! I am so relieved that you have come, sir. It would have been suspected we had a hand in it, if he had died and no doctor sent for. Oh, sir, he was so kind, and so good a Christian, and to do such a thing! But I hope, if he dies, it will not go hard with him in the other world, for he was not in his right mind. This door, doctor. I do hope something can be done to save him."

She thus kept up a garrulous, whining chatter to the door of the chamber. Upon entering the richly furnished room, I saw the patient lying upon his curtained bed in a state that, at the first glance, seemed to me like death. But I found a pulse, though of a character that showed me I had come too late. He was sinking fast; and while I had my hand upon his wrist, his jaw fell, and with a gasp like a drowning man, and a slight convulsion that caused his muscular system to vibrate like the chords of a harp under my touch, his spirit left the body. I turned to the man and woman, who were whispering together earnestly at the door, and said:

"He is dead! You came too late!"

"Dead?" they both exclaimed, in one voice.

"You should have sent for me earlier," I said. "He must have taken the poison some hours ago."

"We did not find it out until an hour ago," said the woman, wiping her eyes. "Poor man!"

"We shall never have such a master again," said James covering his face with his hands, and sobbing so convulsively that I regarded him with surprise. A suspicion that flashed into my mind, when he stood at my door so madly urging me to come to his master's aid, that he was a murderer, now revived. His manner then was so extravagant that it was not natural. He seemed to be acting a part, and to overact it. This was the suspicion that entered into my mind, produced by his over-anxiety to drag me to his master. This thought was now strengthened. He seemed to me to be trying to act grief; and as in his message at my door, he was overacting his part. The woman also cried exactly like a well-dressed housekeeper on the stage. To convince myself I bluntly asked her for her apron to cover the face of the dead. She stared, but gave it to me. As I expected it was not even damp, nor was there a tear in the eyes which she raised to my face.

"When did you discover that he had taken poison?" I asked of her.

"When was it, James?" and she looked at him inquiringly.

"About five, or it might be half-past five o'clock, doctor," he answered, returning her look.

"Go down and bring me some warm water," I said to the woman.

As she was going out, he caught up the candle and said he would light her down. I did not like his officiousness—it looked to me as if he wished to say something to her alone. So I bade him remain with me, which he did evidently with uneasiness.

"You say your master took arsenic?" I remarked.

"Yes, sir," he answered, looking down.

"How do you know?" I asked, fixing my eyes upon his face.

"How do I know?"

"Yes. What evidence have you that he took arsenic?" I repeated.

"Oh, sir, the cup. It was in the cup."

"Show me the cup."

"Oh, sir, I believe Mrs. Lockett emptied it out. I will run and see." And he started to leave the room.

"No; remain. I will ask her when she returns," I answered, not wishing that they should speak together a moment.

The woman now returned with the water in a pitcher. I then told the man to go to the coroner's house, which, as I knew, happened to be but six doors off on the opposite side of the street, with a note which I scribbled with a pencil, informing him of the death and circumstances, but not hinting any suspicion that the deceased had been poisoned.

The man's hand trembled, and his face looked as white as a sheet as I gave him the note. He would have lingered, but I authoritatively commanded him to go. He tried to exchange glances with the woman, but I interposed my person. I followed him to the stairs, and saw him leave the house. I then returned to the chamber of death, and, as I firmly believed, of crime.

"Oh, sir, it is such a pity! I hope people won't suspect us. But the best characters can't always keep free from slanderous tongues. You can prove, doctor, that we sent for you, and that he was alive when you came; and if we had been doing what we oughtn't to, we shouldn't send for a doctor, that is certain. This is clear for our having no hand in it. You don't suspect us, doctor?" she asked, with a fawning smile that seemed the very sign of guilt.

I was now more than ever suspicious, nay, almost confirmed in my opinion, that the man and woman had done the deed, doubtless prompted by the temptation of his money.

"You say it was arsenic he took, Mrs. Lockett?" I remarked, without betraying my suspicions by my looks.

"Yes, doctor; and he must have taken a good deal to kill him so soon. The first I knew of it, James called to me to tell me his master's lips were covered with foam, and that he was groaning and suffering dreadfully. So I came in, and found him in great agony, but not able to speak. James told me he had taken arsenic."

"Was there any to be seen in a cup or paper?"

"No, doctor, not a speck."

"Then, how did you know your master had taken arsenic?" I asked quietly.

"Oh, yes, there was some in a paper! James pointed it out to me."

"Where is the paper?"

"James put it in his pocket to show you."

Here James's story of the cup and hers of the paper clashed, as I supposed their accounts would do, when I spoke to them apart. I was now convinced in my own mind that they had murdered their master, and had purposely waited until too late to save him before sending for me, but sent for me to give a plausible air of innocence and solicitude on their part to the affair.

I made no remark; and James coming in, said that the coroner was not at home, and he had not left the note. I saw, as he entered, that he stole a searching, interrogating glance at Mrs. Lockett, as if he would ascertain from her countenance if she had betrayed what she ought not in answer to any enquiries of mine. I translated the glance unhesitatingly.

In the meanwhile I examined the mouth of the corpse, and detected arsenic shining on the edges of the lips. He had evidently taken a very large quantity. Giving some directions, and locking the door and taking the key, I went down stairs, followed by both the man and the woman, who were very talkative, and said a great deal about hoping that they should not be suspected. I knew this was suggested by the fears of guilt; for innocence unaccused never defends itself; but like our Saviour before Pilate, "opens not its mouth." It is crime that ever hopes it will not be suspected.

On my way from the house I stopped at the door of the coroner and knocked. A window over it was thrown up, and the voice of the coroner himself called to know who was there. Upon mentioning my name—for I had professionally attended his family on four or five occasions—he said:

"I will come and open the door."

"No," I answered. "Colonel Warfield is dead, and it is said has committed suicide. I have called to report to you, having been sent for to attend him, but he died a few moments after I reached his bedside."

"This is strange news, doctor, a man like him to commit suicide, who loved life and his money as he did."

"I locked the chamber, and here is the key," I answered. "You had best send a man to remain with the body."

"Yes. He has left a large fortune and no near relative. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. His servants will no doubt come in for a wind-fall, as they are old favorite ones."

"You know them, then?" I asked.

"Yes. Mrs. Lockett is a sort of third cousin of my first wife."

I did not communicate my suspicions, nor had I any intention of doing so, if I had not been informed of this relationship. I wished the coroner and his jury to give their judgment first. I did not like to be the author of a suspicion that might possibly be unfounded, and yet cost two fellow beings their lives.



and talking so gaily Arthur was charmed to listen.

Then he went into his study, and Rose, with the little maid, attended to the house. They worked hard, both husband and wife, but they were as happy as the day was long.

## CHAPTER III.

A year passed by and Arthur Hamilton studied incessantly the bright, brave nature of the beautiful girl he had made his wife. The more he studied her the more deeply he loved her. He had once thought she was inclined to be vain and worldly, but in the pure and perfect light of love those faults were hidden for ever.

At the end of the year a lovely bright-eyed baby came to make them happier still—a wonderful baby, with golden curls and large blue eyes. Rose honestly believed there had never been anything seen like it. He was called Philip, and the doings and sayings of Master Philip were something beyond mere mortal comprehension.

A few months more of bright summer sunshine, then came a change. One morning Arthur returned from the city, looking very sad and dispirited.

"Rose," he said, "my brave little wife, can you bear trouble? I have bad news for you."

"I can bear anything with you, nothing without you," she replied.

"My engagement with the 'Monthly Critic' is at an end, and I have no other means of earning money except by writing. What shall I do?"

"Keep a brave heart in the first place, and look out for a fresh engagement in the second," she replied brightly.

"I am afraid it will not be so easy as it looks," said her husband.

"Baby!" cried Rose, "kiss papa, and tell him in all the wide world there is no one so clever or so brave."

Which message baby translated into a dialect of its own, and then Rose looked perfectly happy, thinking she had administered the very highest comfort.

It was wonderful to note how she cheered and comforted him as day by day he returned with the same words, "I have found nothing yet, Rose;" how she cheered him with brave words, consoled him, waited upon him, attended to his every wish.

"It is almost worth while to be unfortunate, Rose, in order to find such loving devotion," he said to her one day, and she was happy beyond all words when he so praised her.

He had saved a little money, and on this he told her they must live until he could find something else. As the little store dwindled and dwindled it was wonderful to see how Rose managed, what meagre little dinners were brightened by her loving smiles, what marvellous plans of retrenchment she devised, how triumphantly she came to tell him of some bargain she had made.

Once Arthur puzzled his wife. Baby lay sleeping in its pretty little cradle and Mr. Hamilton, believing himself to be alone in the room, went up to it. He bent over the sweet sleeping face, he touched the tiny fingers.

"I wonder, little fellow," he said, "if I have wronged you."

In one moment Rose was by his side, eager, curious.

"What do you mean, Arthur; how have you wronged the baby? What a strange thing to say!"

"He did look slightly confused, and Rose saw it."

"Do tell me what you mean, Arthur. I shall be unhappy if you do not."

"I only mean, darling, how I wronged him by not taking more pains to keep my engagement when I knew how much depended upon it, that is all."

"Of course you have not wronged him. I wish every baby in the world had a papa so kind and good."

Then times grew worse. The little fund was very low. Quarter day came round, and Rose was obliged to ask the landlord to wait, the little maid's wages were due, and there was nothing to pay them with.

Rose said nothing to her husband lest she should grieve him, but she went out and sold her pretty gold watch and chain; she paid the rent and the wages, then told Arthur.

He laid his face down on her shoulder.

"Oh, Rose," he cried, "I am so sorry! Oh, my darling, tell me truly, do you not repent having married me?"

"No," she replied firmly; "a thousand and a thousand times over, I do not. You must not say such a thing again."

But the wolf came nearer and nearer, yet, strange to say, she never really wanted for anything. They endured privations, they dined without meat, and drank nothing stronger than tea. There were times when Rose came to the last shilling, then Providence was kind—Arthur would earn a sovereign, and it was a perfect mystery how long Rose made that sovereign last.

The day came at last when Arthur told her they must leave the pretty cottage and take cheap lodgings; they must sell the piano and some of the best furniture. She did not even sigh. "We shall have baby with us," she said, "and he is such a prince, he will make the cheapest lodgings look like a palace." No matter what happened, he could not daunt her bright, brave spirit. He talked of the horrors of lodg-

ings: she told him there were brighter days in store. She was the most industrious, the most indefatigable, the most cheery, the most lovely and loving wife in all the wide world.

"I can never thank God enough," he said to himself, "for this greatest of all gifts—a perfect wife."

She grew only the brighter as the sky grew darker. The day came when a cab stood at the door, and they had to leave the little cottage. Arthur Hamilton looked very pale and woe-begone. Rose felt ready to weep scalding tears, but she resolutely persisted in smiling; not a sigh or a tear was to be extorted from her. She talked to the baby, she cheered her husband, and would not even turn to look at the cottage for the last time.

"Rose," said her husband, "shall you be able to bear one little dull sitting-room, and perhaps a scolding landlady, after our bright, sunny home?"

"Anywhere with you, dear," she said. "I am very much afraid, Arthur, I should find a prison pleasant if you were within it and with me."

He could not daunt her—he might as well have tried to stop the sun from shining; she would be bright and cheerful in spite of all.

"What wonderful love yours is, Rose," he said at last.

"Not at all," she replied; "all good women love their husbands, Arthur. The only difference is, all the men have not the sense to appreciate it."

"There is one thing more," he said, sadly: "I fear we shall not be able to keep the little maid. Rose, what shall you do?"

"A dull little sitting-room, a scolding landlady, limited, very limited means, the most angelic baby in all the world, and the dearest husband under the sun. Weighing my joys and sorrows with an equal balance, I cannot be sad, I really cannot, Arthur."

"Then you do not repent having married me for love?" he asked.

"No; it was all for love, and I shall never repent."

Where was the cab driving? Not through narrow, dull streets, as she had expected, but out into the open country, where the birds were singing and the flowers all blooming.

"Where are we going, Arthur?" Rose asked; but the baby cried, and Arthur shook his head. That mysterious drive continued for three hours—the latter part of it was through a beautiful, undulating park.

"I am sure we are trespassing," cried Rose.

"There! I can see the towers of a large house between the trees."

Then the cab stopped, and Arthur got out.

"Now, Rose!" he said; and Rose, in mute wonder, followed him.

She saw before her a magnificent old hall, built of grey stone, with square towers and large windows, surrounded by a beautiful terrace and superb pleasure grounds.

"Rose," said Arthur, "this is home." She looked at him in unutterable wonder.

"This is Crayford Hall," he said; "your home and mine. Sit down here, Rose, I have a little story to tell you."

"My name is Sir Arthur Hamilton Audrey, and at the early age of eighteen I was left sole master of one of the finest fortunes in England, I might tell you how manœuvring mothers sought me, but I will not. Suffice to say, that while I was still young, I conceived the greatest dread of being married for my wealth and title. I vowed to myself, over and over again, that I would sooner die unmarried. When I was twenty-four, my friend, Lord Thornton, asked me to go to visit him at Elmsdale Park. I consented. Passing on foot through a very pretty village—my carriage and servants had gone on to Elmsdale—I sat down to rest under a hedge of flowering woodbine. There I heard a sweet, girlish voice say, 'I will never marry under five thousand a year and a title.'"

"I looked through the hedge, Rose, and saw the loveliest girl under heaven; with such a sweet, bright, frank face, such beautiful, true, brave eyes. I said to myself, 'She will never marry for money; she will marry for love.'"

"Then this little plot came into my mind, to win you as a poor man. I wrote to Lord Thornton, telling him the simple truth, and asking him to send carriages and servants back home. 'I did win you, Rose, thank God! Won the sweetest, truest, bravest wife that ever man was blessed with; and I know that you married me for love.'"

"Perhaps, darling, I ought to ask your pardon—I have tried you very hardly—but I wanted to be certain; my hungry heart longed to know that I was loved for myself alone. It was hard work sometimes to keep up that farce of hard times, when I longed to deck my darling in satin and diamonds; but I was learning the sweet woman's nature, the true courage, the strength. Am I forgiven, Rose?"

She looked up at him, her sweet face pale and full of wonder.

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied. "It was right that after hearing those words, you should test me."

"Smile and look happy, Lady Rose Audrey; tell your boy that he is heir to Crayford. When I wondered if I had wronged him, I meant by depriving him of the state that ought to surround him, that was all. Guess who is staying at the Hall now?"

"I cannot," she replied. "I have no power of thinking left."

"Mr. and Mrs. Massey," he replied. "I wrote to your father last week, and told him about it. A bright smile rippled over her face."

"Arthur," she said, "what will the girls at

Abercourt say? They will always think I knew who you were."

"They cannot. Now, darling, a hundred welcomes home."

They entered the grand old Hall, where the happy parents awaited them. No words could do justice to the happiness that followed. That same year Sir Arthur and Lady Audrey revisited Abercourt, where the girls declared that they always knew Rose would be fortunate at last.

She turns to her husband with a bright smile, and says—

"It was all for love, Arthur; I married you all for love."

## THE PRETTY GOVERNESS.

"And this, I am sure, is Louise," said Harry MacGregor, turning from a group of delighted little nieces, to a quiet young girl with a face like an artist's ideal, who had sat all the while busily knitting on a bit of fancy work.

"No, sir," she said, lifting her brown eyes timidly to this, "I am only the governess."

"Well, of course you are one of the family, so you will shake hands with me. Kittle, can't you tell me her name?"

"It's Miss Dale, and her other name is Clara," said Kittle.

Harry laughed.

"That is a very fair introduction," and his fingers very warmly clasped the tiny hand which the governess shyly gave him.

"I am Uncle Harry, and with your permission, I'll sit here beside you until Mrs. Mac and her sister return from their drive."

So the stylish-looking gentleman sat down on the rustic settee beside the governess and waited.

She had splendid eyes, for he had caught a glimpse of them when she looked up, but now she persistently veiled them beneath long lashes, and he could only look at the profusion of brown hair, which she wore in an odd fashion, looped back in great waves, and fastened with a comb, and at her very nice complexion and faultless profile.

She was neat and prudent; he could see a nice little darn in the well-worn white dress, and her cuffs and collar were snow white.

He knew very little about women, for he had been making money in Colorado for eight years; but, somehow, this one struck him as being something beyond the ordinary.

He was thinking thus very busily, and wondering, not a little, if Louise Nesbitt, who had been his ideal of a little girl, had bloomed into any such a perfect rose as this womanly little creature, when there was a sound of wheels close at hand, and an open barouche drove up and stopped.

They had been expecting him for many days, and therefore, his sister-in-law was ready with her loving greeting, and sprang from the carriage in a manner at once graceful and effective. Miss Louise, however, who aspired to the title of a well-bred, indifferent personage, sat in the carriage until he turned towards her.

"I'm sure this is Louise," he said, looking at the long, loose, yellow hair, falling in unconfined curls to her waist; at the blue eyes, and languid, scornful mouth. "I declare, I had forgotten how you did look, and mistook Miss Dale for you."

"Indeed, I am flattered," she said, looking North Poles at the shrinking young girl.

"She is a nice little body," said Harry, who did not know that a woman can say one thing and mean another, just as easily as she can draw on a glove. "I have taken quite a fancy to her."

"Here, Miss Dale! Hold my fan and gloves while I arrange my overskirt!"

The overskirt was in perfect order, and if it had not been, the house was not fifty yards away, and she could have waited until she reached her own chamber.

Her object was not the simple arranging of an overskirt, but the humiliation of the pretty girl whom she had almost forcibly made her menial.

This Harry MacGregor saw; but, with nothing more than a darkening of his fine eyes, he gathered up the bundles from the carriage and went up to the house.

"Isn't Uncle Harry nice and handsome?" said Kittle, putting her hand through the arm of her governess.

"Very," said Clara, with a pretty blush.

Now the whole affair lay in a nut-shell.

Louise Nesbitt had made up her mind, years before, to marry Harry MacGregor, whenever he should take it into his head to leave Colorado and come home.

Remembering him as a good-looking, soft-hearted fellow, she laid her plans with the skill and neatness of a diplomatist, and now that he had come, she was ready to put them into execution.

She was charming.

Harry himself could not deny that, and he took a sort of delight in watching her.

Women were novelties to him, and particularly this kind, with fashions, furbelows, her pretty society tricks of lifting her brows, curling her lips, shaking her crimps, dropping her eyes, and talking affected nonsense.

But men are by nature more perverse and stubborn than that much abused and quoted animal—the mule, and Harry was no exception to the rule.

"Where are the little ones?" he cried, in his bluff, hearty way, when the two ladies came down in marvellous dresses of white cambric,

starched, and ruffled, and tucked, to the very extreme of fashion, and fluttered into their places, at the table, like two white birds.

"They dine with their governess," said Mrs. Mac.

"And a charming little thing she is too," he said, "and it's a great pity that you do not have her to dine with you."

"I think I merit an explanation, Mrs. MacGregor!"

"I have none to give, beyond the fact that I do not longer need your services."

This was said one morning in Mrs. MacGregor's beautiful chamber, where the summer sun was lying in freckled patches on the velvet carpet, and the wind just stirring the bells of the honeysuckle outside, so that they filled the room with their rare fragrance.

"Really, Helen, I don't see why you are bound to account for your movements. Miss Dale is exceedingly presumptuous to think of such a thing as demanding an explanation."

Miss Dale, little and timid as she was, turned her queenly little head in the direction of the haughty Louise, and said, in a voice singularly firm and decisive—

"I am talking with Mrs. MacGregor, and my business lies solely with her."

"Impudence!"

"My sister is right, and for that same impudence alone, I will dismiss you. Here is the amount due to you. The carriage will be ready to convey you to the station in an hour," said Mrs. Mac.

While this was going on upstairs, Harry had been quietly smoking his cigar below, and he was all at once very much startled by the sudden appearance of little Kittle, who flew out, all tears and anger, her flaxen curls flying in disorder, and her pretty dress all crumpled and soiled.

"Uncle Harry! Don't you think that I hid in the closet between Aunt Louise's and mamma's rooms, and I've heard something dreadful?"

"And what may that be?"

"Mamma has sent Miss Dale away, and Aunt Louise scolded her like everything, and said, after she went out, that she'd give her a lesson that would keep her from making love to rich gentlemen; and I'm so sorry, I don't know what to do; and I'll never have anybody else."

"Where is she? Where is Miss Dale?"

"Packing her trunk, and crying just as hard as ever she can."

Harry MacGregor had no justice to anyone, but to use it to this little, meek-eyed, unprotected girl seemed criminal, and there was a very dangerous fire in his eye as he arose and went out to the stables.

In an hour, the carriage was ready, the trunk was borne down and fastened up behind, and Miss Dale stepped in.

"Why, Mr. MacGregor!" she cried, as she saw him sitting back there, as unconcerned as though he had been going for an ordinary drive.

"Hush, little girl! Never mind me!" and James, who was in the secret, mounted the box, and drove hurriedly away.

When they had passed the gate, Harry caught both the little cold hands in his own.

"Did you think that I would let you go alone, little girl?"

"I don't know. I'm sure you are very kind, and—"

"Clara, don't talk that way. I could not help being kind to you, because I loved you. Ever since I first saw you, I have loved you, in my odd, uncultivated way, and when I heard that my sister-in-law had turned you from her home, I came right here to offer you mine. I've just bought a house—a cosy, home-like house as ever you saw, and I want you for its mistress."

"Oh, Mr. MacGregor!"

"If you don't come, I shall have to shut it up, or let it."

"I think—I will come."

When James opened the door at the station, he had a good chance to wonder at the changeable nature of things; for, instead of the disconsolate pair he had shut in, he let out a couple, that might have been heirs to all the happiness in the world, and not look more cheerful.

"I wonder where Harry is," said Mrs. Mac, a few hours later, when she had recovered from her excitement.

"Why, he went away in the carriage with Miss Dale," said that terrible Kittle; "and do you believe it, I saw him kiss her just as plain as day."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst, it could not have caused greater dismay than this extraordinary announcement, but it was well that it came as it did, or Harry's letter, a few weeks later, would have annihilated them.

As it was, they were prepared for anything, and therefore read the following with martyr-like resignation—

"DEAR SISTER,

"I was quite hurt at the little disturbance between Clara and yourself, and, therefore, did not ask you to our wedding. However, now that we are married, I hope you will not be slow in making up a friendship. I have purchased the house which you so much admired, and in two months shall be at home."

"Yours, etc.,

"HARRY MACGREGOR."

And indifferent Louise heroically said—

"Well, it was a good chance, and hard to lose, but I suppose there are plenty more of them."







"BIDE A WEE."

BY W. F. F. F.





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## THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874.

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We request intending contributors to take notice that in future Rejected Contributions will not be returned

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

## PETS.

The liking for the pets is so general among the human family, that there are few people indeed who are content to live without something which may be called a pet. It is not absolutely necessary that it should be a dog, or cat, or even a bird; for a plant sometimes occupies the same place in a heart, and is equally as good for the purposes of receiving that amount of surplus affection which is seldom lavished on a human being. The necessity for something to love is evident to the most unobtrusive person; for even prisoners in lonely cells always find some little insect—a beetle or a spider—to which they become as much attached as they might have been to something better, in happier times. Yet it is by no means the lonely of this world who monopolise this feeling; for sometimes whole families may be seen, each member of which has his own peculiar pet.

Tastes are so different, so widely different in dictating the choice of pets, that it is impossible to say which among all the animals, birds, fishes, and flowers would be most desirable as a companion in one's domestic life, but dogs and cats are certainly the greatest favorites among a large class of people. Birds, too, are generally in favor, and canaries are almost as common as air; but parrots are more interesting, and much more rare. In some houses one sees rabbits; others, squirrels, and again monkeys; but all these creatures are exceptional, as are tigers, leopards, and snakes.

One has a great choice, too, among commoner pets; for there are endless varieties of dogs, and of birds; and if they grow to be tiresome, there are the amusing monkeys and parrots. And these last are probably the most entertaining of all; for they can be taught almost anything and are always in good spirits, besides having the excellent recommendation of long life. They generally become attached chiefly to the person who feeds them and takes charge of them, and they never forget the affection shown them.

Some very amusing stories are told of them, and some which are drawn from the imagination of those who relate them; but one which came under our own observation will serve to show how they accidentally bring in their remarks at the exact moment when they will be peculiarly appropriate and startling. A lady possessed a parrot who talked much and well, and she often lent him to her neighbors, that they might enjoy his interesting prattle; and one day a gentleman came to borrow him for a day or two. His mistress said to the gentleman that he had better keep him several days, or he would not talk, for he has always afraid of a strange place. The parrot, who had apparently listened to the whole conversation, here exclaimed, in a defiant tone, "I shan't talk at all!"

The effect may be imagined, as he had never been heard to use this expression before. We might go on indefinitely with these curious relations; but many of our readers are probably quite well acquainted with the amusing qualities of the parrot, and, if not, we advise them to get one and be satisfied.

Cats are often favorite pets; but there are so many people who are afflicted with a natural antipathy to them, that they are not such general favorites as some other animals.

Everybody knows the charming story of "Picciola," how a little flower burst its way up between the stones of a court-yard to gladden the eyes of the lonely prisoner in his daily walk; how he watched and tended it, with hope and fear; and how it was his constant comforter, and would not let him give way to despondency. It is a sweet story, and is beautifully told. There are numerous stories of such passionate attachments to trees or flowers, and other inanimate objects, and these instances certainly offer a curious object for study, for they are exceptional phases of human nature. The story of La Tude, in his gloomy French prison, devoting himself to his spiders and rats, and becoming so deeply fond of them, is also singular; but is so well known, it is scarcely necessary to repeat it here.

It is a noticeable fact that many great men and women—those who have had some great qualities of mind and heart—are remembered among their immediate friends together with some favorite pet, so that the two are inseparable; as, for instance, Garrick and his dog Dragon.

If these things show nothing else, they certainly show that it is a good thing to love pets; and, too, they show that it is a necessary thing to love them; for when human love changes or dies, your dog remains the same, always ready to welcome you and give you the strongest evidences of his undying affection for you and you alone.

## A DAY IN THE MOON.

A lunar day comprises a period of twenty-eight days like ours. We are familiar with the sublime spectacle of the sunrise upon the earth: that wondrous transformation with which the night dissolves into the glories of the day; when the watch stars close their holy eyes as the timid blush of morning kindles the eastern horizon; when the tide of light flows in to fill the celestial canopy, and when, as a climax to the changing scene, the glorious sun bursts open the gates of the morning, and proclaims himself the lord of the day. How fearfully different is the vision of a sunrise upon the moon! No gentle transition from darkness to light, no imperceptible melting of night into day. From an horizon dark as moonless midnight the sun slowly ascends—a lurid ball of brightness, infinitely more dazzling than it can appear to an earthly eye, gilding the summits of the lofty mountains, and causing these to start forth like islands of light in a sea of darkness, while their bases and surrounding valleys are shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Slowly the silvery flood of light pours down the mountain flanks, and the shadows, still of pitchy blackness, slowly shorten as the sun, after the lapse of one hundred and seventy hours, attains its meridian height. If we look aloft to the lunar heavens we behold the stars, though at noon-day, with a steady lustre, unsoftened even with the effect of twinkling or scintillation, for these phenomena are due to the varying currents of an atmosphere. For fourteen days the sun pours down his fiery rays upon an arid soil never sheltered by a welcome cloud, never refreshed by a genial shower, till that soil becomes heated to a temperature equal to that of boiling water. Gradually the shadows lengthen and the sun declines, but no crimson curtain of evening closes around the lunar landscape; and when the last rays of the setting sun are lost beneath the horizon, no twilight intervenes, but a pall of fearful darkness falls upon the scene. And then succeeds a long and dreary night of three hundred and twenty-eight hours' duration, and a severity of cold that reduces the lately parched surface to a temperature probably three hundred degrees below the freezing point of water.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## "BIDE A WEE!"

The humorous little scene of a boy with a dog, which Mr. Fyfe has imagined in this amusing picture, makes an appeal to our recognition of the fellow-feeling between mankind and the companionable domestic animals. This is nowhere shown in a more emphatic manner, than when they feed in turn out of one and the same dish. But the office of apportioning their respective shares belongs of right to the human porridge-eater, as the more rational creature and the proper host on this occasion, master of their simple meal. "Bide a wee!" he says in good Scotch talk, with his finger uplifted in gentle admonition, to the impatient collie that stands ready for a joyful lick at the milky mess in his half-emptied bowl. We are pleased to see them such trusty friends, and we hope there is enough for the hungry appetite of both. Next, indeed, to being well fed, a boy needs to be warmly and decently clothed; and we cannot but hope that this Scottish laddie will be supplied with a new pair of trousers before his next public appearance on the painter's canvas.

## NEWS NOTES.

Disastrous floods are reported from Halifax. Navigation on Lake Huron has opened from Detroit.

Count de Chambord has had a slight attack of apoplexy.

Luie, the Tichborne perjurer, has been committed for trial.

Ada Clare Noyes, an actress, died of hydrophobia in New York.

The naval pilot aliens disability bill has passed the U. S. Senate.

Two suicides happened in New York yesterday—Cause, woman.

Charles Orton has at last confessed the Claimant is Arthur Orton.

The Spaniards have searched an American ship while off Havana.

Mr. James Libbey, a former proprietor of the Boston Courier, is dead.

It is said Don Carlos will be shortly crowned King of Spain, at Bilboa.

A large fire is reported from Bryon, Texas, causing a loss of \$60,000.

Private advices from Havana state the "Draft" will be generally resisted.

The English Parliament have adjourned for the election of the present Ministers.

Numerous trains have been reported snow-bound on the Union Pacific R.R.

A large number of wrecks are reported abroad, owing to the late Atlantic gales.

The office furniture of Jay Cooke was yesterday sold by auction for \$1,200.

The Cambridge and Oxford boat race is the object of interest in England now.

The Bishop of Treves has been arrested for violation of the Ecclesiastical laws.

Bogle, one of the claimant's adherents, has fallen seriously ill since the verdict.

Ledru Rollin is a newly-elected member at the French Assembly for Vaucluse.

A slight earthquake occurred at Capiapo, Cuba, on 15th Feby. Not much damage done.

A Paris despatch says the French Exhibition to be held in 1875 is a private enterprise.

Despatches from Upper Lake Ports indicate an unusually early opening of navigation.

Mr. Gladstone has declined to lead the Opposition in the English House of Commons.

The latest from Peru states that 1,000 head of cattle died from the plague in January.

St. Patrick's Day is to be celebrated in New York by a great demonstration and parade.

President Grant has signed the Act relieving Thomas Allhouse, assistant U. S. Treasurer.

A despatch from Cuba shows trouble is brewing for the foreign residents of Tientsin.

A New York Company claim to have discovered extensive gold mines in French Guiana.

The Philadelphia Temperance Organizations are being perfected in the various Wards of that city.

The Spanish Government have suspended the proposed blockade of the coast of Cantabria.

Ex-Minister Schenck has arrived at Madrid, and Minister Cushing has sailed from New York.

Sixty-five thousand Republican troops are operating against the Carlists in the North of Spain.

A riot has occurred in Pesth, which was not quelled till the military had shot four of the rioters.

It is stated the health of the Emperor of Germany is such as to cause considerable disquietude.

Marquis de Noailles, the new Minister of France to Italy, has presented his credentials at Rome.

The Secretary of the American Bible Union is suing the St. Louis Democrat for defamation of character.

A diplomatic dispute between Turkey and England has been caused by the arrest of a British subject by the Turks.

The San Francisco Grand Jury have exonerated Mayor Otis and Treasurer Hubert from the charges made against them.

The Provisional President of Honduras has capitulated to Gen. Leiva, who is now in full possession of the Government.

Millard Fillmore, ex-President of the United States, died at Buffalo on the 8th and was buried with national honors on the 12th.

Forty-two million thalers of the French indemnity has been ordered to be distributed between the States of the German Empire.

The Duke of Edinburgh and his bride arrived at Gravesend on the 7th inst., and were saluted by the channel fleet as they passed to the wharf.

They proceeded immediately to Windsor, to pay their first visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

## WEEP FOR HER A TEAR OF PITY.

Weep for her a tear of pity,  
Homeless wanderer of the city,  
Poor unfortunate, weary  
In the rainy midnight dreary.

Thou who dwellest in the palace  
Bear that poor girl never malice,  
For her guilt must lie before  
The rich betrayer's door.

Still for all her stains and sorrow,  
She of Mercy's store may borrow;  
And despite of scorn's control,  
There's a peace within her soul.

Like the spring upon the mountain,  
Like the gushing crystal fountain,  
Like the soft and fleecy snow  
Was her young life long ago.

Once her gentle mother bless'd her,  
Once her father's arms caress'd her,  
And she played beside the hearth  
Of her happy home in mirth.

Hark! she sings a song in sadness,  
Of home and all its gladness,  
While no ear but Heaven's listens,  
And her aching eyelid glistens.

Now she sees her dying mother,  
Gray-haired father, weeping brother,  
And the dark and evil day  
When she fell—as angels may.

Lo! a cloud of grief glooms o'er her  
As the vision glides before her  
Of the Lord's Great Day to come,  
When the guilt shall be brought home.

Who among the great or lowly  
Is so blameless and so holy  
As to cast a stone upon her  
In her misery and dishonor?

Oh, remember that each tear  
Shed for erring mortals here  
By the angels will be shown  
As a jewel in your crown.

Oh, this old world might be better  
If each hand would break a fetter,  
If each one would do his part  
To bind up one broken heart.

ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK.—None but the married man has a home in his old age. None has friends, then, but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love. No. The old bachelor may be courted for his money. He may eat and drink and revel, as such things do; and he may sicken and die in an hotel or garret with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey. But he will never know what it is to be loved, and to live and to die amid a loved circle. He can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

MIGRATION OF EELS.—A close observer states that the following interesting evolutions occur when eels come in from the sea. The aggregate shoal, about to ascend the inland streams, moves up the shore of the river in the form of a long, dark, rope-like body, in shape not unlike an enormous specimen of the animal which composes it. On reaching the first tributary, a portion, consisting of the number of eels adequate for peopling this stream, detach themselves from the main body, and pass up; and in the subsequent onward passage of the shoal this marvellous system of detaching, on reaching the mouth of brooks, a proportionate quantity of the great advancing swarm is repeated, until the entire number has been suitably provided with rivulets to revel in—such being the wonderful instinct by which nature ordains that each stream shall be provided with a competent number of these migratory creatures.

LOSS OF BEAUTY.—The world affects to commiserate the wounds of the heart, and to disregard those of vanity. What a division of ideas is here produced by two phrases, that are in reality synonymous. With what superficial frivolity the loss of beauty is treated by authors of great merit in other respects, and also in those gossiping conversations in actual life which mean nothing! and yet to the individual how immense is that loss—what consequences it involves!—often glory, honor, respect consideration, esteem, power, love, extinction of influence, either for good or evil; it strikes at all the moral parts of being, and if these are not wounds of the heart, what are? Circumstances or dispositions sometimes render beauty a thing indifferent to its possessor; but often it is so identified with being, as to make the destiny of the individual, and its destruction unhinges the whole order of life, bringing more piercing ills to the heart of sensibility than perfidy, calumny, or even penury.



## IRREPARABLE.

The sorrow of all sorrows  
Was never sung or said,  
Though many a poet borrows  
The mourning of the dead,  
And darkly buries pleasure  
In some melodious measure.

The loss of youth is sadness  
To all who think or feel—  
A wound no after-gladness  
Can ever wholly heal;  
And yet, so many share it,  
We learn at last to bear it.

The faltering and the falling  
Of friends is sadder still;  
For friends grown foes, assailing,  
Know when and where to kill;  
But souls themselves sustaining,  
Have still a friend remaining!

The death of those who love us,  
And those we love, is sore;  
But think they are above us,  
Or think they are no more—  
We bear the blows that sever,  
We cannot weep for ever!

The sorrow of all sorrows  
Is deeper than all these,  
And all that anguish borrows  
Upon its bended knees;  
No tears nor prayers relieve it,  
No loving vows deceive it.

It is one day to waken  
And find that love is flown,  
And cannot be overtaken,  
And we are left alone!—  
No woe that can be spoken,  
No heart that can be broken!

No wish for love's returning,  
Or something in its stead;  
No missing it, and yearning  
As for the dearer dead:  
No yesterday, no morrow,—  
But everlasting sorrow!

## AMONG NEW GUINEA SAVAGES.

About a dozen years ago I was in command of a large iron ship bound from Sydney to Calcutta in ballast; and, it being July—the Austral winter—I did not care to do battle with the storms of the south coast of Australia, through trying to weather Cape Leeuwin, of bad repute, so I decided on going "north about." I may mention that I should have struck out through Torres Straits, with which I was well acquainted, but for a certain little unpleasant clause in our policy of insurance, which laid a veto on that delightfully dangerous passage. I therefore intended to go right round New Guinea, and out through the Banda Sea into the Indian Ocean.

After about a week's run we came to the east end of New Guinea, and then struck along parallel to the shore of the huge island. I always had a horror of New Guinea, it was so unknown, so vast, and such dreadful tales were told of the cannibalistic accomplishments of the natives. On this occasion, however, I found it best, or the ship's progress to navigate close to land, to avail myself of the land and sea breezes—or we were disappointed in our hopes of getting a lift from the monsoon. I therefore kept within sight of land all along, and made very good progress.

Having thus coasted more than two-thirds of the island's length without anything of note occurring, we began to think New Guinea was not so bad after all, when a little affair happened which led to very unpleasant results.

Early one morning we were passing some small islets outside a pretty little creek or mouth of a river, with an immense number of native huts on the shore, among the trees and bushes, where the vegetation came down to the water's edge, and the brilliant tree flowers, interspersed mid the deep green of the luxuriant tropical forest rising above the placid sea, made one of those enchanting pictures only to be found in the tropics.

Suddenly our ship struck something, and, with a harsh grating sound, slid up a small incline and then came to a standstill. Fortunately she had not much way on her, or the masts could have come down about our ears; as it was, she took the new conditions easily and remained quite upright. The sea was smooth at the time, and the leadman reported nine fathoms of water from the waist and ten from the stern, while the ship was hard and fast on a yard, for about twenty feet of her length, on a coral reef covered with mud. I may remark that chart delineations of this coast are mere approximations, as I never could find any of a really trustworthy description.

We laid out an anchor and tried to heave the ship astern, but to no purpose; so we decided to remove a sufficiency of the coal ballast in the hold from forward to aft, in order to lighten the end of the vessel. I was pleased to find that he made no water except in the forward compartment, to which the collision bulkhead would effectually confine it.

About noon I noticed a great gathering of native proas in the creek inshore of us—our position being less than half a mile from the land. I could see plainly all that was going on. I computed the number of proas to be two hundred or thereabouts, mostly carrying fifteen or twenty men, while other large ones certainly had forty

or fifty men on them. With my glass I could see that in the midst of the flotilla was a very large proa, on which a savage was standing, spear in hand, and gesticulating wildly, as if haranguing the multitude.

I made up my mind that the savages meant to attack us; so, shutting up my glass, I called all hands from their labors, and briefly addressed them. "Now, my lady," I said, "those savages yonder are going to attack us for sure; and, if they once get on board, every man Jack of us will be cooked and eaten—so I hope you will stick by me and not give up the ship." At the same time I pointed out that we were armed and in a high, smooth-sided iron ship, almost impossible to climb up; nor did I forget to remind them that we were "British tars," and so on. Then, having run up the ensign, arms were brought out and piled on deck, and the "boys," having received a nip of grog, gave three lusty cheers for the "old man," as the captain is invariably called, no matter how young. The crew were mostly fellows who had worked in the gold "diggins," and were now talking a cruise for a change.

We had two six-pounder carronades on board, with a musket, bayonet, sword and pistol for each man, all in good order, and plenty of ammunition to boot. Our boatswain, a fine old man-of-war's man, had charge of the two guns, and at once had them cleared and loaded with a dose of grape and canister.

All our preparations having been made for defence, the crew resumed their labor of trimming the ship, while I and a few midshipmen, of whom we carried eight, kept watch.

After dinner one proa left the fleet and paddled straight for us. As it approached, I called the hands to arms; and it was amusing to see old Tom the boatswain at work training a gun on the unfortunate proa and at the same time watching my eye. When the curious-looking boat came under our stern, I could see that the occupants of it meant no attack then, for there were not more than fifteen savages, on it, and they were holding up bunches of bananas and fine-looking birds, as if inviting a trade.

One dark "gentleman" stood up and treated us to a magnificent speech, which of course we applauded in proper British fashion, although not one of us knew a single word that was uttered; but I heard the boatswain, not far from his gun, explaining to some of the ordinary seamen, that "that there woolly-headed feller was just only axing of the captain how he would like to be done—roasted or fried?"

Having made a most effective display of our armed ship's company, I piped the hands to their task again, ordering the midshipmen to mount guard on the poop. I had now a good chance to examine the proa and its crew of fourteen men and two women, as I counted them; and truly they were a strange lot. On a bamboo pole were tied about thirty of the most gorgeous birds I ever saw; they were of the Lory tribe, and had very long tails and high top-knots, and were altogether of the most indescribably brilliant colors imaginable. On the proa's deck also were a great quantity of bows and arrows, spears, &c.

Now I had seen African negroes, Chinese coolies, Malays, Indians, and Australian aborigines; but, for utterly debased appearance and repulsive looks, I never saw the match of these people. Imagine a middle-sized African negro, with the flattest of noses and the pig-like eyes of the Chinese coolie, a vast cavernous mouth extending almost from ear to ear, and filled with immense teeth, a face beetle-browed, seamed and tattooed into all shapes of ugliness, lips disfigured by gashes and transfixed with fish-bones, the whole surmounted by a huge bush of black wool, every lock of which sticks out at right angles to the part of skull on which it grows, and giving the head an appearance of enormous size, utterly disproportionate to the body below it, although the latter was by no means small, and some idea will be afforded of the Papuan savage as he then was and still is. Of course the savage crew were entirely naked, except a few who had a small piece of matting round their waist.

Now for the proa. This was nothing more than a raft of bamboos, laid over two canoes, formed out of single trees hollowed out by fire, or whatever rude stone implements the people have. I never saw a trace of any meal among them. The canoes are generally about twenty or thirty feet long, and are separated by bamboos lashed over them, so that they lie parallel to each other, at about twelve feet apart; a raft is laid on these, and a mat house built on that. The paddlers sit down along the edges of the raft when at work; and there are two, or even four masts, with mat sails, in each proa which, whether large or small, can be propelled along pretty fast.

The bows, arrows, and spears were of the rudest make, with the exception, perhaps, of the head of the arrows, which were pretty good. Some were tipped with the long, lance-like, finely serrated spines of the sting-ray fish, but most with bits of fowl-bones—the sting-ray spines look very neat, and are reputed poisonous. None of the arrows were feathered. The bows were made of bamboos split, and were rough but effective. Some of the fish-spears were made simply of a bit of iron-wood, split into four prongs, and stuck into a bamboo pole, with two little wedges, crosswise, keeping the prongs apart.

Being placed at great advantage, then, I allowed the "boys" a chance of trading with the savages, and forthwith the barter began. In return for colored shirts and kerchiefs, we got a perfect museum of bows and arrows and other warlike implements, beside two dozen of those magnificent birds before alluded to.

The natives would not come on our decks, nor would they permit our lads to go down on to the proa; everything had to be thrown down or hauled up with a string. Whenever one rather daring youngster would offer to go down the rope, they would set up a jabber, grasp their spears, and loosen the rope they were fast to. This would bring our muskets to the shoulder, and another speech would be the result.

Wishing to see the effect, I threw them down a small looking-glass. One fellow dexterously caught it, and turned it round and round until his eye met the image of his face. Evidently he did not recognise himself, for he got into a rage, and made a dart behind the glass to grasp the intruder. Not being able to do so, he uttered a yell, and dropped the glass. Instantly grasping a spear, he threw himself into a warlike attitude, which the whole of his fellows followed; and then commenced a war-dance around the unfortunate glass, which lay face upwards, and, as each savage peered into it and beheld his own visage—which he had probably never seen before—he must have arrived at the conclusion that some intruder, or possibly a devil, was in it. It was most amusing to see the state of excitement into which that poor, unoffending toilet article threw our visitors.

"At last, with a terrible howl, they all dashed their spears at the unlucky glass, shattering it into a thousand pieces. Again and again were the howling and stabbing repeated as they viewed the little bits of glass. We thought it best to retire behind the bulwarks, and keep our muskets pointed toward the savages; but they quickly slipped the rope, and were off. Then we had the amusement of watching them invest themselves with the old clothes we had given them. They put on shirts upside down, and handkerchiefs round their waists; and one individual we saw busily employed in trying to get on a pair of old trousers by running his arms through the legs. The crew afterwards made for the shore, joining their friends in the big crowd of proas, who thickened round them on their approach, evidently to hear their report; and after a short interval we noticed the entire flotilla enter the creek, and soon the place looked quite deserted.

I now began to feel very anxious, for I felt certain that they would attack us during the night; so we redoubled our efforts to heave off our ship. Ton after ton of coals was got up from the fore hold and pitched overboard, luff upon luff was clapped on the after anchor cable, but all to no purpose; the vessel was immovable. I observed that the tide rose and fell but very little, not more than two feet; however, every man worked with a will, and, as night closed in on us, we made arrangements for the worst. All the boats were cleared away and provisioned, and an extra watch was set.

The moon was near the full, but the sky was much overcast, and the breathless calm which prevailed encouraged the dull haze which sets in on such a night in the tropics; still, we could see a reasonable distance, and hear much farther.

We had now one watch to keep guard, and the other to work at lightening the ship. The boatswain stood by his guns; sentries were posted fore and aft; the cook had his coppers full of scalding water; while the carpenter, after grinding all the cutlasses to almost razor-like sharpness, stily filled the two guns to the muzzle with an assortment of nuts and bolts, notwithstanding that they had been already loaded with grape and canister.

About ten o'clock a sharp little middy standing near me gave a "Hish!" "Did you hear that?" said he. "They're coming, sir!"

Putting my ear to the rail, I soon heard a confused noise, as of a lot of craft being forced through the water.

"You're right, Bob," said I; "they are coming, for certain. Call all hands to their stations—but no noise, mind."

In a minute the word was passed, and every man was at his prearranged post, with his arms in readiness.

Not a light was visible from our decks or skylights; and, as the chief officer came on the poop to report all ready, I began to discern a vast flotilla of proas coming straight from the shore towards us. I had just sent the mate forward to take charge of the fore-castle, when one of the men on guard there—probably through excitement—yelled out, "Och, murder! Sure here they are—here they are!" firing off his musket at the same time.

Seeing that they were discovered, with a fearful chorus of yells the savages dashed forward to the attack. "Stand by, lads!" I roared. "Keep down! Bring the two guns to port! Keep cool, my boys; let them come on yet." As I spoke a shower of arrows whistled through the rigging and rattled on our iron sides and bulwarks. The proas now were plainly visible, the thick of them being not forty yards off.

"Ready!" I shouted. "Fire!" Bang went our two carronades, and a rattle of musketry commenced all along the side. The yells of the infuriated savages now became absolutely deafening. I could at once see that the whole centre of the fleet was destroyed, and the progress of the rest thereby impeded. We now poured a murderous fire into the struggling crowd; the second round from the two carronades mowed the savages down wholesale, and shattered their frail proas, but still others pressed on, and very soon we had two huge proas alongside, the fiends in which were making frantic efforts to climb up the smooth iron wall. The men on our fore-castle and poop poured in a withering fire, raking the Papuans along the side; but the climax was reached when the cook and the

steward appeared, lugging a huge copper full of boiling water, which they quickly emptied over the side, right amongst the dense mass of savages below, who were just in the act of making a living ladder of themselves to get up the side. The effect was terrible: down went the miserable wretches in agony, rolling into the sea to end their torment; and, as their unscalded companions were shot down by the fore-castle men, their groans, yells, and war cries, together with the firing, made the spot almost a Pandemonium.

The main body of the savages had now retired after the scalding and defeat of the occupants of the two proas alongside, which were left helpless, and I began to think that the worst was over, when "Good heaven! what's that?" I exclaimed, as I saw the great mop-head of a savage coming over the taffrail.

"After-guards to the stern!" I shouted; and, as my little band rallied aft, we saw that another proa had come under our stern while we were defending the side. Our new assailants had actually scrambled upon deck by our anchor cable, and were mustering about the wheel.

"Charge them, boys!" I cried. "Give them the bayonet!" There were four of them actually on deck, and the rope was full of others coming up. Short was the battle. My after-guards soon killed those that had got on deck, beside many off the rope, and the remainder made off, receiving, as they did so, a parting salutation from the old boatswain's two guns.

We were now free of the black rascals, so I proceeded to examine my own crew, who had fought so well. On calling the muster one man was missing, and three had received arrow-wounds; while one had had his ear blown off owing to a comrade's reckless firing. The men with the arrow-wounds were not much hurt, but dreadfully frightened, fearing lest the arrows had been poisoned. The missing man, we concluded, had been struck by an arrow, and fallen overboard. We now lowered a boat and secured the two proas which had been left floating alongside; many savages were dead on their decks, and one was "waterlogged," being riddled by shot.

When our excitement had somewhat abated, we got all in order again, and set to work to get rid of our coals, at which we laboured until four in the morning, when to my joy, a breeze sprang up off the land.

We at once set all sail, braced sharp aback, put a heavy strain on the stern cable, and prayed to Providence for more wind. Our prayer was answered, for at about half-past five o'clock a very heavy squall struck the ship flat aback, and with a graceful motion she slid off the reef, and was again afloat.

She leaked a little, but we could easily keep it under. The fore compartment was full of water, as her forefoot was all torn away; but, with a good iron collision bulkhead, the water was confined to a small space; so, having hauled in our anchor, we trimmed the ship and proceeded on our voyage, with the two dead savages still lying on our decks as a reminder of the bloody deeds of that dreadful night.

Hastily stripping the two proas which were alongside of whatever warlike implements they contained, we cut them adrift with their ghastly crews, first adding to them the bodies of the men who were lying weltering where they had fallen on our decks.

At night, and amid such smoke and confusion, it would be hard to estimate the number of these wretches who fell victims to their abominable propensities, but I feel sure that were I to say fifty or sixty, I should be "under the mark." It was a terrible night to us, and its memories will not easily be forgotten by the little band who took part in the fearful drama that was enacted. We all felt great sorrow at the untimely end of poor Mike, our missing man; so at noon I mastered all hands, and, having offered up thanks for our deliverance, the ensign was half-masted, the bell tolled, and the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, for use at sea, was being read over our dear departed shipmate, when, having just got through "we therefore commit his body to the deep," &c., I was annoyed to hear a titter run through the crowd. Judge of my feeling when I saw the "defunct" Mike, sound and in the flesh, but as black as a sweep, standing on the deck forward! I shut my book, and, having sent for Mike, found that it was he who had fired off his musket and given the savages the alarm; fearing lest they should catch him, he had afterwards dived down into the coal locker, where he had lain hidden in mortal terror until now. I need hardly say that his life was pretty uncomfortable for the rest of the voyage.

Our wounded men progressed favorably, and soon were all right. Beyond a little extra pumping, and some tardiness in sailing, our ship gave us very little trouble; and, having crossed the Banda Sea, we stopped at Timor, where I gave a detailed account of our adventure to the Commander of the Fort, and he promised to send one of his Dutch Majesty's ships of war to chastise the natives of that coast, as he informed me that he had several little "bills" of that sort already against them.

Let missionaries and humanitarians preach as they like, there are still wicked savages in the world, and even in the year of grace 1874 no ship should ever venture near some of these far Eastern islands without having an efficient crew and being well armed. The Dutch have done a great deal of good in that latitude, and so have the British ships of war; but still piracy and murder are carried on, and the vast island of New Guinea as yet remains almost a terra incognita.



## FOR LOVE ALONE.

## CHAPTER I.

"I made up my mind two years ago," said a clear, sweet voice. "I will not marry under five thousand a-year and a title."

There was a chorus of girlish laughter.

"Where will you find them, Rose?"

"I have faith in my own fortune; they will come this way, I am sure. The fact is all you girls think just the same—you are all determined to marry well: I am the only one who has the candor to say so."

"We never thought of as title, though," said the chorus.

"Because you have no imagination; you are dull and prosaic. I soar away into the regions of romance; in those regions I am my Lady Rose—knights and princes pay me homage. What do you think of that, Miss Lester?"

"I think it great nonsense, Rose," said staid Elizabeth; "you would be better employed in darning stockings or making bread than in dreaming such foolish dreams."

"Tastes differ," said charming Rose. "It has pleased fortune to make me the daughter of what is commonly called a small farmer, which means, let it be understood, a farmer with a small farm; it has pleased Dame Nature to give me a passable face; it has pleased Providence to give me a bright imagination—why should I not use it? I repeat, that I shall remain single until a title and fortune, passing by hand-in-hand, ask me very humbly to take them. I shall say 'yes' with the same royal air with which Queen Elizabeth used to accept golden chains and silk stockings."

Then the speaker threw herself in the midst of a fragrant heap of new-mown hay. The scene was a summer idyll—a poem in action. It was a hay-field in June, a deep-blue sky overhead, Italian in its depth and color. Far and wide stretched out the rich clover meadows, bordered by tall green trees; the hedges a gorgeous mass of bloom, white and pink with hawthorn, scarlet with wild roses, purple with sprays of foxglove, and green with their own wealth of foliage. In the meadow where the girls were seated the hay lay in great heaps, and there could be no fairer sight than these fair girls tossing it to and fro.

The hay-field belonged to Mr. Massey, Rose's father, and it was Rose's privilege, when hay was made in the "Home Meadow," to invite all her young friends to a great party therein. They had tea in the hay-field, and danced through the gloaming and the moonshine. While Rose was holding forth on her expectations, they were seated under the hedge, a hedge completely covered with woodbines. On the other side, all unknown to them, was seated a young man, who had heard every word that passed. He had been walking along the high road, and struck by the beauty of the woodbines, sat down for a few minutes to rest while he enjoyed their perfume. It was then he heard Rose Massey's declaration of independence.

"A spirited young lady that," he said. "I suppose, as she says, all girls think the same, but few speak out so boldly."

He looked not over but through the hedge and saw a group of young girls, all evidently full of admiration for the Queen Rose, who was lying now quite still and thoughtful in the midst of a fragrant heap of hay.

You might have searched all England through and not have found a lovelier girl. She was well named Rose, she was exactly like one; a tall, queenly rose, bending with the weight of its own rich leaves.

She was tall, with a figure of perfect grace and symmetry, beautiful hands and arms, white, dimpled shoulders, and a graceful neck. She had light brown hair, that looked all gold in the sunshine and brown in the shade. She had lovely dark eyes, with a golden light shining in them, long dark lashes half shading their brightness. Then she had the most exquisite face, a low brow on which the bright hair waved, dark, arched brows, sweet, ripe lips, and a complexion queens might envy, it was of such a delicate, dainty rose-leaf bloom, neither tanned nor freckled, though she was so careless of it, and sat now out in the June sunshine without hat or bonnet.

The young man looked at her with passionate admiration in his dark eyes.

"What does nature mean by giving a face like that to a farmer's daughter?" he said to himself. "It ought to be shining in a palace, worshipped by a king. Let come what may, I must see her and speak to her."

The pretty little village of Abercourt lay in the deep green heart of the land. The people who lived in it and near it were all devoted to the culture of land; they were farmers, small and large; farmers who lived on their own land, and tenant-farmers with their laborers and servants. There were a few shopkeepers, a lawyer, a doctor, and the clergyman. Amongst the farmers, Mr. Massey was looked upon with great respect, while his lovely daughter, Rose, was the belle of the whole neighbourhood, who could count her lovers or her offers of marriage. Rose refused them all.

She had heard enough, she declared, of crops and cattle; when she married, she should want an entire change of scene and conversation.

"But," remonstrated one young farmer, very deep in love, "if you will marry me, Rose, I will promise never to mention the word crop."

"Then you would have to go from home to talk," she said, "and that would not be fair."

She was only eighteen, and neither father or mother wished her to marry yet. They loved the bonnie bird, who made sunshine and music at home, too well to tolerate the idea of parting with her. So they smiled when Rose dismissed her lovers, and declared that she should please herself.

"I must speak to her," said the young man to himself. "If she is what she looks to be, Thornton may wait. How shall I manage an introduction? I will go to the farmhouse and ask for a drink of milk. Pastoral drama in three acts—act the first."

He went to the door, and it was opened by the good farmer himself. Now Mr. Massey always boasted that he knew a gentleman when he saw one. He recognised one in the person asking for a little milk to drink. He invited him in and placed before him a glass of his "brown October," and the stranger, talked so nicely, he interested the farmer so deeply, that he was invited to look round the farm and the hay-field.

The very thing he had wished for.

"I should introduce myself to you," he said to the farmer. "I have not been long home from college; my name is Arthur Hamilton."

Mr. Massey was really proud of entertaining a gentleman from Oxford, Oxford being, in his eyes, the very seat of learning.

"You are going into the church, or you are for the bar, probably?" he said.

"No," was the half-hesitating reply; "I have not studied for the professions; the fact is I am a writer."

The farmer's respect increased, but his own grew less. He had a vague idea that writers were all more or less poor.

He took the stranger into the hay-field.

"My daughter Rose is somewhere here," he said; "she has a party of young friends. You will be welcome among them."

The next minute he was in the midst of the group of girls, looking admiringly into the face of the beautiful Rose, who would not marry under five thousand a-year and a title.

"This is quite a sylvan scene," he said to Rose. "I could imagine it to be a picture by Claude Lorraine in motion."

Here was something different to crops and cattle at last. Rose inwardly made a thanksgiving.

"Have you seen Claude Lorraine's pictures?" she said. "Pray sit down here, and tell me about them."

She motioned to another heap of fragrant hay, and Arthur Hamilton took his seat thereon.

"What must I tell you?" he asked. "This picture unrolled before me here is superior to anything I have seen of Claude Lorraine's."

"That is only a theory," she said, coolly—"put into practice you would not admire it. I have seen these pictures all my life and am tired of them; I want to see others painted by great men."

"Have you never been to London?" he asked.

"I have never been five miles away from Abercourt in my life," she said "and I am eighteen now; but I intend to go some day."

"Then you have read, perhaps, a great deal?" said the young man, who had not perhaps expected to find any one conversant with Claude Lorraine in a village hay-field.

"Our library at home consists of 'The Bible,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Buchanan's Domestic Medicine,' 'The Farmer's Guide,' and the 'Yearly Almanack.' We have a small circulating library in the village; it contains nothing more modern than 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' All my little store of learning comes from 'Magnall's Questions.' We were brought up on 'Magnall's Questions,' were we not, Miss Lester?"

But Elizabeth looks shocked—she has no idea of talking so lightly to a stranger, although a young and handsome one.

"I have made the most of Magnall," continued Rose, looking defiantly at the staid Elizabeth. "I know the names of all great men, when and where they were born, etc.; if I occasionally mistake a painter for a sculptor, it is Magnall's fault, not mine."

He had not an idea whether she was speaking seriously or not. The bright face looked lovely with its slight gleam of mischief; the stranger looked at it until he lost himself. How did it happen? one by one the girls went away, and still the two sat side by side on the hay.

"I shall never forget this day," said the stranger; "I wonder if ever the sky was so blue or the hay smelt so sweet before?"

She blushed; there was no misunderstanding his meaning. He did not pay her broad compliments, like the young farmers; he did not say her eyes were like stars and her cheeks like roses; but there was a silent deference in his manner, a chivalrous devotion, that told her he admired her.

It was late when he left the hay-field; even then he stopped to ask Farmer Massey's advice as to where he should take lodgings.

"I have not been very well or strong lately," he said; "and Abercourt is so healthy and quiet, I should like to stay here for a few weeks, just to write and study in peace."

"Nothing could be easier," the farmer told him. "Widow Gibson had two nice rooms to let—a parlor and bed-room—he could not do better than take them."

When Rose heard of that conversation, her face flushed and her lovely eyes drooped.

"Then he is going to remain in Abercourt, after all," she said, and was strangely silent for the rest of the night.

The day after this conversation Arthur Hamilton was safely installed in Widow Gibson's

apartments, and every girl in the place was in love with him.

## CHAPTER II.

Is there any new way of telling the old story? Is there any new method of ringing the sweet old chimes—all of love? Can the old music be set to fresh tunes? Was this summer idyll at Abercourt the same as the idylls years and centuries ago, when Adam's heart beat more quickly because he found Eve so fair?

How long was Arthur Hamilton before he knew that all the happiness of his life lay in those lovely little hands? Not long; not many nights had passed since he dreamed the whole night through of Rose, talked to her, made love to her, asked her to be his wife, and got up in the morning, the only thought before him being that he should see Rose. The sun seemed to shine Rose, the flowers bloomed Rose, the wind whispered her name. He could eat no breakfast, because his heart was on fire to see Rose. He went out and loitered round the clover meadows and in the green lanes, then if no fortunate accident brought Rose out, he would call at the farm-house. Sometimes Rose was pleased to see him, and would laugh and talk so gaily, he could not tear himself away; at other times her face would flush, and she would be strangely silent; at others she would avoid him altogether, and then Arthur would go home the most miserable man under the sun.

So through the bright month of June. The girls of Abercourt declared it was shameful of Rose to monopolise the handsome stranger. It was settled that although he was so well educated, he was poor; Widow Gibson said so, and on her authority it was universally believed.

After an early dinner he read or wrote, and then the evenings were all for Rose again. Every one now saw; the progress of his love affair was noted through the whole village.

"It is too bad of Rose," said the girls, "she will never marry him herself, because he is not rich and she gives us no chance."

In good truth, however, Rose was quite as much puzzled as any one. She did not know what to make of herself. She, who had so utterly scorned all love and lovers, she trembled when she heard his footsteps; she trembled at the sound of his voice. Her face flushed when he looked at her, or else it grew deadly pale. What was the matter with her? Sometimes she could hold her own and talk saucily, defiantly to him; then, again, she had not a word to say, but listened in sweet, mute submission. How was it to end? He came when the clover meadows were first cut, and now the wheat stood in sheaves and the fruit was ripe in the orchards.

He went out one evening to find her, and fortune favored him. She was going through the lane that led to the corn-fields; and of all places in Abercourt, Arthur liked these lanes the best.

They were bordered by spreading lime-trees, the grass was green and thick, the hedges tall and covered with roses, the banks sloping, and looking like a sea of blue and crimson, with their wild flowers all in bloom. He was walking slowly down when he saw Rose coming. He went up to her with outstretched hands.

"The very thing I was wishing for, Rose; I am so glad you are here. Come and sit down. See, here is a throne of moss fit for a fairy. I want to say something to you this evening."

She tried to be defiant, but she could not; his hands held hers with a tight grasp. She tried to be saucy: it was not possible with those dark eyes fixed on her. The beautiful face flushed, the little hands trembled, as he placed her on the pretty throne of moss, and half knelt, half sat at her feet.

"Rose, I love you! Do not turn your sweet face from me. I love you with all my heart, and I want you, darling, to be my wife."

She made no answer. He went on. "It is no secret that you have said you would not marry under five thousand a-year and a title. Your lips may have said such words; no one could look in your sweet face and believe them. You are a true woman, Rose; love will win you, not money; and I have a lingering hope that you love me. Will you not give me one word, Rose?"

No, not one. The drooping eyes were not raised.

"Let me tell you, darling, what I have to offer you—my first, pure, deep love. I have never loved any woman before you, Rose, and pardon me if I say the first deep love of a man's heart is well worth taking. I will make you so happy, sweet. I cannot promise, as the lovers in novels do, that every clasp of your mantle shall be of gold; but I promise to work hard for you. I am a writer, you know, Rose. I do not get enough for my writings to command any great luxuries; but you shall have a little home full of comfort. I will work so hard for you Rose, I love you so dearly. Will you be my wife?"

"I cannot tell you all at once," she said, "I do not know."

"It will break my heart, sweet, if you send me away. Now, Rose, fancy a lovely little cottage with woodbine climbing round the windows, and a green porch all bright with flowers and sunshine, without and within. A table for my books and desk, and one for your sewing; fancy the summer wind coming in at the window and the birds singing in the trees; we should be very happy. You would come to me some day, darling, and clasp your arms round my neck and tell me how thankful

you were you married me for love, after all, and did not sell your lovely face for gold. Promise me to think about it. I will not tease you any more. Will you think about it to-night, and to-morrow evening meet me here in the same place, and tell me what you have decided?"

She promised; then he spoke in a lighter tone; he talked to her of a thousand beauties in art and nature; she listened like one entranced, the sweet, bright face glowing as he spoke. The sun was setting, when Rose, suddenly remembering the time, declared she must go home.

She did think most earnestly all night long. The golden stars were shining, and the night wind sang sweet lullabies amidst the flowers. She loved him; all her woman's soul did him homage, all her woman's heart was awake at last. She did not seek to hide the truth from herself in the least. She loved him with a full, true, passionate devotion that she could never feel for any human being again. His presence was light and sunshine to her, with him the world seemed a blaze of full and perfect beauty, without him it was a dreary blank.

She loved him, and he was poor; he had nothing to offer her but a little cottage-home, hard work, and poor fare; if she married him, farewell to all those grand visions of wealth and title, of carriages and diamonds. She must go on, then, with the same life, content with dreams of brighter things.

How the girls would laugh at her, too. She, who had held up her head so proudly; she, who had laughingly declared that she would have the equivalent of her beautiful face. How they would laugh and taunt her if she married a poor man after all. Any of them would "do better" than she was about to do. They would, most of them at least, marry well-to-do farmers; they would be mistresses of pretty little farm-houses, and, as long as they lived, they would laugh at her, who had been so ambitious, and had done so little.

Yes, she loved him: better, her woman's heart told her, be happy with him in a cottage, than live without him in a palace; better listen to the voice of love than the voice of ambition. Ah! if evil prevailed upon her, and she were to send him away, how blank and dreary the after-years would be, how tasteless and joyless her life. After all, why need she fear a little laughter, bright, brave Rose?

"I shall do what my own heart tells me, and marry him," she said to herself. "I will see him to-morrow, and tell him how sorry I am I ever said anything so foolish. He has the best title of all. He is an honest, noble man. No title can be greater than that."

When she had thus decided, Rose slept the sleep of the just, happier than she had been for months. When evening came, she went out to meet her lover. Just as he had prophesied, two slender arms were clasped round his neck, a beautiful face was hidden on his breast, and she said:

"Arthur, I do love you, I will be your wife, and help you work all my life, and I am very sorry for what I said about money and title. I would far rather have your love, dearest."

She was rather startled to find that he turned very pale, and trembled excessively.

"Do you really mean it, Rose?" he asked. "Are you really willing to marry me, remembering that I am so poor, darling? Ah, me! perhaps I have been selfish in asking you to share my lot."

"I would rather share it," she said, "than be a queen."

"What if I fail? What, if in the years to come, the strength goes from my brain? What if we should ever want, Rose?"

"We shall be together," she said, "and I can help you. I would not change it, Arthur; I would not have you richer. You know now that I am marrying you because I love you."

"I cannot doubt it." Then he clasped her in his arms, kissed her sweet face over and over again, thanked her in passionate words, and walked home by her side to ask Farmer Massey's consent.

He briefly explained that by his writing he could clear enough to keep Rose in comfort.

"I am proud," said the farmer, "that my Rose should marry a gentleman. I could wish, perhaps, that you had a little more money, sir, but that may be the case some day."

There was certainly some little consternation and surprise when it became known in Abercourt that Rose Massey had given up her grand, ambitious ideas after all, and had consented to marry the poor gentleman writer.

It was not a grand marriage, although all Abercourt was there to see. Rose looked most distractingly lovely. The young farmers declared it was abominable that she should be taken away from the midst of them; the girls forgave her, and gathered in great force to strew flowers in her way.

So lovely Rose bade farewell to the old farm, the hay-field, the quiet village, the loving parents, and the dear old friends. She went with her husband to a pretty little cottage at Richmond; it was necessary for his literary engagements that he should be near London.

They were very happy. In all probability there are thousands of such little Edens in England which married lovers find paradise. None were happier than Rose Cottage, as Arthur would call it. Their lives were very simple; they had one little maid-of-all-work. Arthur declared that Rose's hand must not be quite spoiled. It was so pleasant to see Rose in the morning, her lovely face glowing with health and happiness, sitting in and out of the garden, bringing in flowers for the breakfast-table, pouring out tea



Oxford, most probably, and tried to find your rooms, if you had not appeared this evening."

"You had better not attempt that," he says, decisively.

"But you neglect me, Eric: even old Margaret remarks it; and the Vicar said—"

"The Vicar!"—starting. "When did you see the Vicar?"

"The day before yesterday, when he called here."

"Who let him in?"

"I did!"—rather defiantly. "Old Margaret was out."

"And what communication passed between you?"

"He asked if my name was Mrs. Hamilton?—and I said 'Yes.'"

"What on earth made you say so?"

"Well—haven't you always called me Mrs. Hamilton? Isn't it the name I go by in the village?"

"Not through my means, Myra. I have never mentioned you to anybody, in Fretterley or out of it. And pray, what had the Vicar to say to 'Mrs. Hamilton'?"

"He asked if you were Mr. Hamilton: he has seen you riding through the village, and—"

"Don't tell me that you connected our names together before him!" interrupts Keir, with a look of anger.

"Well!—what was I to say?"

"What were you to say? You knew well enough what to say to get yourself or me out of a scrape, a few months back. But I see through your design, Myra—you want to force me to do that against which you know I am determined."

"I cannot bear this continual separation," she replies; "it is killing me. I cannot live without you."

"Listen to me, Myra," he says, approaching closer to enforce his argument. "You say you cannot bear this separation; but if you attempt to elude it by any devices of your own, you shall never see me again. You cannot say that I have deceived you: you threw in your lot with mine of your free consent; more than that—you urged me to the step which has brought, God knows, its retribution with it. But if you make our position public, you will do me an irreparable wrong, and injure your own cause. So I warn you!"

"Of what?"

"That suspicion has already fallen upon me for being foolish enough to visit you so openly; so much so, that I had decided, before coming here to-day, to move you as soon as possible from Fretterley; and if the rumor is not stopped by that means, I shall go away till it is forgotten."

"Where?" she inquires, breathlessly.

"In the country, or abroad;—anywhere to baulk the gossips."

"And without me, Eric?"

"Without you? Of course. What good would it do if I took you with me? Why, if the least hint of such a thing were to reach my father's ears, he would ask me all about it, and I should tell him the truth. I have never told him anything but the truth," adds the young fellow, simply; "and I believe it would kill him."

"And you would give me up for your father?" she says, quickly.

"A thousand times over! My father is everything in the world for me; and I can't think how I ever could have permitted myself to do that which would so much grieve him."

A dark flush overspreads her handsome features as she hears the unpalatable truth, and her full breast heaves and her lips tremble with the deep pain it causes her. She is passing through the greatest agony a woman is capable of feeling: coming gradually, but surely, to the conviction that her reign is over, her empire overthrown—that she has lost her place in her lover's heart.

And she loves him so passionately: she has always cared for him far more than he has done for her, and his increasing coldness drives her mad.

"You said that I was everything in the world to you, three months ago," she answers, with set teeth.

"I know I did; and at the time I believed it to be true. But I have told you, Myra, what a proud, high family mine is, and how seldom their escutcheon has been tarnished with dishonor. And—forgive me for saying so—I know it is my own fault, but I cannot help being conscious of the fact that I have tarnished it now. And my poor father thinks so much—too much of me; I feel as though I should never be able to look him in the face again." And with that, Eric Keir buries his own face in his hands.

She taps the floor impatiently with her foot.

"You are ashamed of me, Eric."

"I am bitterly ashamed of myself, and of all that has passed between us."

"It would have been better if we had never met."

"Far better—both for you and for myself. Who could think otherwise?"

"It would be better, perhaps, if I were dead."

"It would be better if we were both dead," he exclaims bitterly; "or had died before we saw each other. Oh, Myra—Myra! why will you wring such cruel truths from my mouth? you have been the death of all good things in me."

He lifts his face to hers, and she is shocked to see the pain portrayed there. She is an illiterate, low-born woman, with nothing to recommend her beyond her beauty and her fierce love for him, which, yet, is like the love of an unreasoning animal, overpowering when encouraged, and apt to turn the first time it is thwarted.

But she has one indomitable passion—pride, and it is stirring and working in her now.

"Would you be happy if you could undo the past?" she says in a low voice; "if there had been no such person as me in the world, and had never fancied that you loved me?"

"Happy!" he answers, with a sad laugh. "I should be happy if I could wipe out the remembrance with a free conscience at the expense of everything that I possess. But come, Myra, let us talk no more of impossibilities. The past is past, my child, and nothing you or I can say will ever undo it. Let us think of the present. It is necessary you should leave Fretterley;—where would you like to go?"

"I don't care. You may choose for me."

"Very well, then; I will think the matter over, and let you know. I shan't be able to come here to-morrow, as I have an engagement in the town; but the day after you may depend on seeing me. Do you want any money?"—taking out his purse.

But she shrinks from the note he offers her as though it had been a serpent.

"No—no! I am not in want of it: I have plenty to serve my need."

"All the better for me," he says, laughing. He has recovered his spirits again; clouds are not long in passing with the young.

"Well—good-bye," he continues, as he takes the girl in his arms and kisses her, in a fraternal manner, on the cheek. "It's a shame of me to have made those pretty eyes sore! Don't think twice of what I have said, Myra; you urged me on to it with your cross-questioning, and you know I lament this business for both our sakes; but the dark mood will be gone to-morrow. It's nothing unusual, after three months of honeymoon, my dear."

She clings to him frantically close, but she says nothing.

"Why, won't you say good-bye? Then I must go without it, for I have no more time to lose."

He is moving towards the door, when she flies after him, and almost stifles him in her embrace.

"Oh! good-bye, my love!—my darling!—my own, own, dearest love!"

She showers kisses, almost roughly on his mouth, his eyes, his brow; kisses which he accepts rather philosophically than otherwise, and from which he frees himself with a sigh of relief.

Alas! for the love of one-and-twenty, when it begins to temper its enthusiasm with philosophy!

As, with a cheerful nod, he turns out of the wicket gate, the woman stands gazing after him as though she has been turned to stone; and when he has finally disappeared, she gropes her way back to the sitting-room, and crabs herself headlong on the floor.

"Gone—gone!" she moans; "all gone, and my life gone with it! Oh! I wish that I was dead—I wish that I was buried—I wish that I could neither feel nor think—I am nothing to him now—"

She lies there for, perhaps, an hour, sobbing and moaning to herself; and is only roused by the entrance of the old woman she calls Margaret, with the preparations for her tea, and whose grunt at perceiving her attitude is half of compassion and half of contempt.

"Lord ha' mussy!" she exclaims, "and whatever are you a lying on the boards for?"

This woman, who is clothed and kept like one of gentle birth, and by whom she is fed and paid her wages, is yet not addressed by Margaret in terms befitting a servant to use towards his mistress. The poor are ever keenest at detecting a would-be lady from a real one.

The familiar tone affronts Myra; she reads in it, not sympathy, but rebellion against her new-born dignity, and she rises and sweeps out of the room, without deigning to notice the presence of her factotum.

But the bed-room is solitary and full of sad remembrance, and in a few minutes she emerges from it, dressed for walking, and saunters in the garden.

It is a queer little nest that Eric Keir has chosen for her, being originally intended for the gamekeeper's cottage on an estate which has long since been parted with, acre by acre, and its very name sunk in the obscurity of three or four small farms; so that the cottage stands alone in the midst of wheat and barley fields; and it is through one of these, where the grain, young, and green and tender, and not higher than a two years' child, spring up on each side of her, that Myra, still burning as under the sense of a deep outrage, takes her way. A resolution has been growing up in her heart during the last hour which, betwixt, its pride and stubbornness, it will not easily relinquish—the resolution to part with Eric Keir.

It wrenches her very soul even to think of such a thing, and as she resolves impossible ways and means for its accomplishment, her breath is hardly drawn; but she has a will of iron, and he has wounded her in her most vulnerable part. As she paces slowly up and down the narrow field-path, the jealous, angry tears scarce dried upon her cheeks, she hears a rustle in the corn behind her, and the next moment some one touches her upon the shoulder.

Myra is not chicken-hearted but she is quick to resent an insult.

"How dare you?" she commences, angrily; but as she turns and faces the intruder, her tone is changed to one of consternation.

"Lord above!" she continues faintly. "How did you ever find me, Joel?"

She is so taken by surprise that she had turn-

ed quite pale, and the hand she offers him is fluttering like a bird.

"Find you!" exclaims the new-comer (who, it may be as well at once to state, stands in the relationship of cousin to her), "I would have found you Myra, if you had been at the furthest end of the whole world."

"Aunt's not here, is she?" inquires Myra, with the quick fear that a woman in her equivocal position has of encountering the reproaches of one of her own sex; "you're sure you're alone, Joel?"

"I'm all alone, Myra. Mother has enough to do to get her living, without coming all the way from Leicestershire to look after you. But I couldn't rest till I'd seen you: I couldn't believe what I've heard, except from your own lips. You've most broke my heart, Myra."

He is an uncouth, countryfied-looking fellow, without any beauty, except such as is conveyed by his love and his sorrow; but as he stands there, sheepishly enough, looking down upon the hand he still holds between his own, he commands all the respect due to the man who has done nothing for which he need blush.

His earnestness seems to touch the girl, for she is silent and hangs down her head.

"When we heard that you had left the situation in the hotel where father placed you, and without a word of warning, we couldn't credit it. But some words as the master wrote to mother made us think as all wasn't right with you; and when weeks and months went by and we didn't hear nothing, I began to fear it was true. So I travelled up from home, little by little, doing a job here and a job there, till I got to Oxford, and could speak with the master myself; and though he couldn't satisfy me as to your whereabouts, I came to it by constant inquiry, and reached Fretterley last night. And now, Myra, come home with me. I don't want to make no words about it: I don't want to hear nothing of what you've been doing—'twould only cut me up—but say you'll come back to the old place in Leicestershire, and then I shan't think my journey's been took in vain."

He looks her in the eyes as he concludes, and she, unable to stand his scrutiny, drops her head upon his rough velvet shoulder, and begins to cry.

"Oh, Joel! if I could only tell you."

"Tell me, my poor lass! where's the use of your telling me: can't I read the signs you carry about you? What's the meaning of a purple silk gown with lace fripperies upon your back, and a pair of gold drops in your ears, if it don't mean shame?"

"No! no! not that!" she cries recoiling from him.

"I shall think less of you, Myra, if you call it by any other name. But the old home's open to you, my dear, all the same—open to receive and shelter you whenever you choose to come back to it, though you can't never bring the joy to it now that I once thought you would."

The old home! How little she has thought of it of late! yet she can see it in her mind's eye, as she stands pondering his words. It was not a particularly happy home to her: the homes of the poor seldom are. She had known hunger, and thirst, and cold, and occasionally the sound of harsh words within its limits, yet the memory of the dull life she led there seems very peaceful now, compared to the excited and stormy scenes through which she had passed since leaving it.

The old home! It was not a paradise, but it was more like home to the low-born girl than daily association with a companion who is as far above her in birth as an intellect, and has grown but too conscious of the gulf that lies between them.

Joel Cray takes her fit of musing for hesitation, and recommences his persuasion.

"I daresay he, whoever he may be—for I know there's a man at the bottom of all this, Myra, (course him)," he adds *par parenthèse*—"I daresay he does all he can to persuade you that he loves you better than himself, and will be constant to you till death, but—"

"He does not," she interrupts eagerly, in defiance of the absent.

"What!" replies Joel, lost in astonishment, "he's sick of you already! He steals you away from an honest family and an honest employment to make a—"

"Stop!" cries Myra, in a voice of authority.

"What am I to stop for?"

"You shall not call me by that name: it is a lie."

"I wish to God you could prove it, Myra. What are you, then—his wife?"

"Of whom are you talking?" with passionate confusion. "How do you know that there is any one? What right have you to come and bully me in this manner?"

"Myra! we were brought up together from little children; my mother was like your mother, and my home was your home; and long before you saw this chap, you knew that I loved you and looked to wed you when the proper time came—that's my right! And now, as we stand in God's sight together, tell me the truth. Are you married to the man, or are you not?"

At this point-blank question, she trembles, and grows red and white by turns, shrinking from the stern glance he fixes on her.

"Joel! don't look at me after that fashion, for I can't bear it! O, Joel! you used to love me. Take me back to aunt, and the old place, and the children, for there's no one wants me here."

"My poor lass! is it really as bad as that—only three months, and tired of you already? Well, well! you'd better have taken me, perhaps after all—you've made a sorry bargain, Myra."

"O, Joel! I love him beyond everything in the world. He is so clever, and so handsome, and so good to me. But I ain't fit for such as he is: I feel it at every turn. I can't talk, nor behave, nor look as he would wish me to do, and"—in a lower voice—"he is ashamed of me, Joel."

Poor Joel has been silently writhing under the mention of his rival's attributes, but the last clause is too much for him.

"Ashamed of you! the d-d villain! he ain't worthy to touch you. Oh, how I wish I had my fingers this moment at his wizen!"

"Hush, Joel! don't say such awful things, but—but—" with a choking sob, "I'm nothing but a worry to him now: he wishes we had never met: he wishes I was dead, and he was rid of me."

"Will you come home with me, or will you not?" shouts Joel, whose patience is thoroughly exhausted. "If you stand there, Myra, a telling me any more of his insults, I swear I'll hunt him down like a dog, and set fire to every stick and stone that he possesses. Ah! you think, perhaps, that I don't know his name, and so he's safe from me; but it's 'Amilton'—there's for you—and if you disappoint me, I'll soon be upon his track."

"O, Joel! don't be hard on me; you can't tell how I feel the parting with him."

She turns her streaming eyes upon the cottage, whilst he, unable to bear the sight of her distress, paces up and down uneasily.

"Then you mean to come back with me, Myra?"

"Yes—yes—to-morrow."

"To-morrow you'll have changed your mind."

"What will there be to change it?" she answers, passionately. "How can anything undo his words? He says I have been the death of all good things in him: that if it was possible he would wipe out even the memory of me with his blood; with his blood, Joel, think of that!"

"Well, them's insults, whatever they may mean, that you've no right to look over, Myra; and if you won't settle 'em, I shall."

"You would not harm him, Joel!" fearfully.

"I'd break every bone in his body, if I'd the chance to, and grateful for it. But if you'll promise to give him up without any more to do, and come back home with me, I'll leave him to Providence. He'll catch it in the next world, if not in this."

"I have promised—I will do it—only give me one more night in the place where I have been happy."

He is not very willing to grant her this indulgence, but she exacts it from him, so that he is obliged to let her have her way, and passes the next twelve hours in a state of uninterrupted fear, lest he should appear to interpose his authority, or, after a night's reflection, she should play him false, and decide to remain where she is.

But Joel Cray need not have been afraid.

Myra spends the time indeed no less perplexedly than he does; but those who knew her innate pride and self-will would have had no difficulty in guessing that it would come off conqueror at last.

"He would give me up a thousand times over for his father," she keeps on repeating, when she finds her strength is on the point to fail; "he said so, and he means it, and sooner or later it would be my fate. And I will not stay to be given up; I will go before he has the chance to desert me. I will not be told again that I tarnish his honor, and that we had better both be dead than I live to disgrace him."

"I cannot bear it. I love him too much to be able to bear it. Perhaps when he hears that I am gone, and comes to miss me (I am sure that he will miss me), he may be sorry for the cruel things he said, and travel England over till he finds me, and asks me to come back to him again."

The soft gleam which her dark eyes assume as the thought strikes her, is soon chased away by the old sore memory.

"But he will never come; he only longs to be quit of me that he may walk with a free conscience through the world, and I am the stumbling-block in his way. O! he shall never say so again: he shall know what it is to be free: he shall never have the opportunity to say such bitter truths to be again."

And so, with the morning light, the impetuous, unreasoning creature, without leaving sign or trace behind her to mark which way she goes, resigns herself into the hands of Joel Cray, and flies from Fretterley.

When, according to promise, Eric Keir pays another visit to the gamekeeper's cottage, there is only old Margaret to open the door and stare at him as though she had been bewitched.

"Where is your mistress?" he says, curtly: the expression of old women's faces not possessing much interest for him.

"Lor, sir! she's gone."

"Gone! where—into the village?"

"O! deary me! I knows nothing about it: she never spoke to me. How could I tell but what she'd left by your orders?"

"What do you mean? Has Mrs. Hamilton left Fretterley?"

"Yes, sir—I suppose so. I haven't seen nothing of her since yesterday morning."

"Impossible!—without leaving a note or any explanation?"

"I don't know if you'll find a note amongst her things, sir! they're just as she left 'em: I haven't touched nothing; I knows my place better; and I'd rather you'd find out the truth for yourself, though I has my suspicions, of



course, which we're all liable to, rich and poor alike. But I haven't worried neither, knowing there's no call to fear but what my wages will be all right with an honorable gentleman like yourself."

He makes no effort to restrain her cackle, but passes through the door she has thrown open in silence, and enters the deserted sitting-room. He does not know if he is awake or asleep; he feels as if he were moving in a dream.

Gone! Left him! without the intention of returning! It is impossible; she must mean to come back again; she is playing a foolish trick, in hopes of frightening him into compliance with that which she has so often asked, and he refused. But neither in bed or sitting-room can Eric Keir discover the least indication that Myra's absence is to be a temporary one; nor a written line of threatening or farewell. On the contrary, she has taken all the simplest articles of her attire with her, and left behind, strewn on the floor in proud neglect, the richer things with which he has provided her. Weary, and utterly at a loss to account for this freak on the part of one who has appeared so entirely devoted to himself, Eric returns to the lower room, and summons old Margaret to his side.

"I can find nothing to account for Mrs. Hamilton's departure. What do you mean by having your suspicions?" he inquires in a determined voice.

"Well, sir—deary me! don't take offence at what I say; but truth is truth, and your lady didn't leave this house alone, as my own eyes is witness to."

His eye flashes, and as he puts the next question he shades it with his hand.

"Who did she leave it with, then? Speak out, woman, and don't keep me waiting here for ever!"

"O lor, sir! don't take on so, there's a dear gentleman. I can't rightly tell you, sir, never having seen the young man before; but he was hanging about here the evening you left, and talking with your lady in the field, and he fetched away her box with his own 'ands, yesterday morning, as I watched 'im from the kitchen window. A country-looking young man he was, but not ill-favored; and as they walked off together I see him kiss the mistress's cheek, that I did, if my tongue was to be cut out, for saying so, the very next minute."

"There—there! that will do; go to your work, and hold your tongue, if such a thing is possible to you. You will remain on here, and when I have decided what is to be done with these things, I will let you know."

And so saying, Eric Keir strides from the house again, mounts his horse, and retakes his way to Oxford.

"A young man, country-looking but not ill-favored; some one of the friends from whom he has alienated her, perhaps. Certainly a person of her own class, and to whom she returns in preference to himself."

"How could he have ever been such a fool as to suppose that a woman taken from her station in life, accustomed to, and probably flattered by, the attentions of cloth-hoppers and tradesmen, could appreciate the niceties of such a sacred thing as honor, or the affection of an elevated and intellectual mind?"

So he says, in his first frenzy of wrath and jealousy and shame, but so does he not entirely believe. The old woman's gossip has left a miserable doubt to rankle in his heart; but has not accomplished the death of his trust in the girl who has left him, and whom, though he has ceased to love, he feels bound to search after and succor and protect. He makes all the investigations that are possible without betraying his secret to the world; but private enquiries and carefully-worded newspaper advertisements prove alike futile, and from the day on which she fled from Fretterley the fate of Myra to Eric Keir is wrapt in dark uncertainty.

(To be continued.)

## RALPH'S MISTAKE.

"There is my cousin Edwina" said my friend, Ralph Hay. "Edwina! Edwina!"

She turned her face as he called to her, and looked at us.

I had never seen anyone like her before, nor had I ever heard her name.

Both were unique; both, I thought, beautiful.

Whether anyone is really so, it is often hard to determine.

That every eye makes its own beauty is a truth as well as a proverb.

She suited me, that small, dark, crimson-lipped creature, as graceful as a gazelle, and almost as shy.

I saw, in the glance she gave us, that she hesitated between advancing and running away when she heard herself called.

The conventionalities got the better of her bashfulness, and she turned and came towards us.

"Miss Earle," said Ralph Hay, "Mr. Smith. John, this is Cousin Edwina."

She bowed; so did I; and so my love came into my life.

It was the supreme moment of my existence, though I was not conscious of it then.

I knew that I had met a girl I liked; that the day was very bright, and the pleasant country place pleasanter than it had ever seemed before.

I can see it now—the long, green lane; the cottage roof beyond; the white spire in the distance; over all a sweet, pink-tinted, sunset sky, and near by the tiny tinkle of the running

stream; the girl, in her white dress, with a cluster of scarlet flowers in her small hand walking between us.

I had to come to S— on a visit.

Such holiday as my business permitted me I should spend there, and it was on my way to my friend's house that I met Edwina.

She was his cousin, as he had said, and she helped to care for the children, of whom there were a half-dozen.

She could churn, and milk, and bake.

She was bright and quick when not under the cloud of shyness.

She was not a brilliant woman; she was not a society belle.

Most men would have rated her only "a nice little thing," I presume.

Whatever she was, she crept into my heart somehow, and stayed there.

One day I knew that I loved her, and that if she did not love me, I should be very unhappy.

We had gone out upon the river for water lilies.

There was a little quiet nook, quite over-arched by tree branches, where they grew in profusion.

I rowed the boat.

She drew the great, white floating beauties towards her by their long stems, and, breaking them off, laid them in the basket she had brought.

There was no other boat on the river; there was no one on the shore.

A little way farther on lay the shadow of a covered bridge, and farther still the ruins of a mill; but no one crossed the bridge, and the mill was deserted.

We never had been so entirely alone before.

The long lily-stems had entangled my oars.

I drew them out and laid them in the boat.

We only drifted slowly now.

Everything was very still.

A sense of peace such as I had never felt before settled down upon me.

Her hand, so white, and small, and fine rested on the boat's edge.

To save my life I could not have resisted the impulse I had to touch it.

One moment I laid my palm upon it—the next I held it fast and close.

She did not take it away.

Her shy eyes saw the water, but the hand remained in mine.

And so we sat quite silent until the sun set.

Then I kissed her.

We rowed back to our starting point in the twilight.

The children were watching for us, and I had no chance to speak to her alone that night, but I felt that she was mine.

I went up to my room a happy man.

I lost myself in slumber, only to dream of Edwina.

And I remember that in my fancy we were walking hand in hand in some pleasant place where flowers grew, and birds sang, and waters rippled, when a rough hand shook me by the shoulder, and a voice at my ear cried—

"John! I say, old fellow, wake up. Here's a telegram. Steady, now. I'm afraid it's bad news."

At these words I arose from my bed with a sudden chill of terror upon me, snatched the paper from my friend's hand and read the brief contents.

They brought bad news indeed.

My beloved father lay at death's door, and I was bidden to hasten if I would see him alive.

I looked at my friend with eyes from which I could not banish the sudden flood of tears.

"Don't take it too hard, John," he said.

"While there's life there's hope. I'll harness the horse, and we'll get to the station in time for the one o'clock train."

I could not forget as I drove away that a light shone in the window of Edwina's room.

I think the messenger had awakened her, and that, unseen by me, she watched my departure.

My father died before I reached home, and our house was a house of mourning for many days.

At last, however, I became calm enough to write to Edwina.

Our understood engagement was not enough.

I offered myself to her in plain and earnest terms.

I had no doubt as to the answer.

Her kiss had given me assurance of her love.

I dispatched the letter, and anxiously waited for a reply.

It came soon, but not in the regular way.

One morning, my friend, Ralph Hay, tossed me a little note.

"From a lady," he said, and nodded and went away.

I put the note upon the desk before me, and looked at it tenderly.

"John Smith, Esq.," was prettily flourished.

"It looks like a love letter," I said, and cut it daintily open, and drew out the folded paper.

It began thus—

"MR. SMITH,—Dear sir, I have but just received your proposal. Doubtless, I ought to be flattered at being chosen where so many have, of course, offered themselves; but, really, the position you proffer has no charms for me. I am useful here, and happy in my duties, and I hasten to decline, with many thanks. I trust we shall be just as friendly, notwithstanding, and that next time you come to—, you will bring your wife to see me."

"Very truly,

"EDWINA EARLE."

I read that letter three times before I could believe in it.

It was the strangest answer that man ever received to a passionate declaration of love.

I had told her that she was the only woman I had ever loved or ever should love.

She had bidden me "bring my wife to see her" next time I came to—.

I was at once grieved and angry, astonished and dismayed.

My manner was altered.

I did not feel like myself.

It was as though some other soul were in my body.

After a while, that longing for change of scene which some temperaments always experience after great trouble, possessed me, and an opportunity soon offered itself.

The firm with which I was connected needed a business man in Paris.

I applied for the position, and obtained it.

Hopeless love is a thing no one respects, or even pities.

Why, then, should I tell of the long weary years through which I lived, with that heavy burden at my heart?

I could not forget her.

I knew that all my life I must crush this silent sorrow in my breast, and hide it as I might, that in old age I must sit solitary beside my hearth, because no other woman could fill the place I had destined for Edwina.

How many years were they?

Enough to cure most men of any passion.

I knew it, and I wondered at my own constancy.

One day—I knew it was my birthday, and that I was thirty years old, I said to myself—

"Man, you are a fool; forget the fleeting joy of your youth; take your life in your hands. Marry. Have a home, a wife, children, like other men. Of boyhood's folly are born such raptures as those you feel for Edwina; they go, and revisit the heart no more."

"The toys of childhood please you no more; its sweets cloy upon your taste. No more can you be a boy than a child. Cast off this old delusion, trample it under foot. It has worked you evil enough already."

I arose and looked at myself in the glass, and saw a big fellow with a long light brown beard.

That was no pensive youth to die of love and longing.

"I will go to Monsieur Durand's and propose for the hand of Mademoiselle Rosalie, his daughter," I said.

"She is a good young woman, and a pretty one. There will be no love-making required, and I shall do my duty as a husband. A bachelor old age is hideous."

I went forth.

It was a fine day, and the streets were full of people.

I had not felt so happy for years.

"Mongshure," said some one at my side—"Mongshure, silverplate—no, hang it! seal voo play—oh, dear! Roo the what's his name—polly voo English?"

It is an Englishman trying to ask his way in French.

As I faced him, I knew Ralph Hay, whom I had not seen or heard of for at least eight years.

He was stout, but I had no doubt of his identity.

"Ralph!" I cried, "don't you know me?"

"No; it ain't!" he cried. "Well, but it is, though—John Smith!"

We shook hands.

"I thought you were a foreigner, and I was trying to talk your lingo," said Ralph. "You are a pretty fellow, aren't you?"

Voices alter very little.

As he spoke, the past came back to me, and I heard him call "Edwina," and saw her turn and come towards us.

"Married?" asked Ralph.

"No. How is Mrs. Hay?"

"Splendid," said Ralph, "blooming, young as her daughter, and Gussie is seventeen now."

I say, look here, I suppose we can talk anywhere about here without being understood?"

"In English, yes," I said.

He thrust his arm into mine.

"John Smith," said he, "I've something on my mind. I always was a bungling fellow, and—well, I don't know how to get at it. I've made money, you know, and I can afford to treat wifey and Gussie to a trip—if it is a treat—matter of taste, that; but I came to Paris partly to hunt you up."

"I—I felt I ought to. I say, you know the day you went away from our house—no, I mean the day I came to your place and brought you a letter from Edwina."

"I do," I said.

"Was there anything wrong about that letter?" he asked.

"A little," I said.

"Tell me what?" he whispered.

"She refused me," I said. "I had offered myself to Edwina Earle."

"Look here," said Ralph, "you know your name is John Smith?"

"Aye," said I.

"So's his," said Ralph.

"Who's?"

"The school trustee's," said Ralph. "You see he'd written to her to offer her the position of governess in a school, and that morning she gave me two letters, one to post, t'other to take."

"I think, maybe, I posted the wrong one and took t'other. I haven't told them at home about it."

"You see, the trustee's wife tore his up. But you didn't come back, you 'know, and Edwina told all to wife, and she hasn't married; and, you see, I don't think Edwina did refuse you."

I made him no answer.

"Come to the hotel with me. She's there, with wife and Gussie."

"Edwina, come closer to me. Have we forgotten good old Ralph? Aye, long ago. Many years lay between us, but our love lived through them all, and we shall never part again until death sunders us, my own Edwina."

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**TO MAKE ANCHOVY SAUCE.**—This is made by adding a spoonful of Harvey sauce and two of essence of anchovy, with a little cayenne, to half a pint of melted butter; shrimps, or blanched oysters, may be served in it.

**KITCHENER'S RELISH.**—Ground black pepper and salt, of each, two ounces; ground allspice, scraped horseradish, and minced eschalots, of each, one ounce; walnut pickle, or mushroom catsup, one quart; infuse for fourteen days, and strain.

**EGG BALLS.**—Boil five fresh eggs quite hard, and lay them in cold water to get cold. Take the yolks out, and pound them smoothly with the beaten yolk of one fresh egg; put a little cayenne and salt, roll the mixture into very small balls, and boil them for two minutes. Half a teaspoonful of flour can be worked up with the eggs.

**SAUER KRAUT.**—Procure some clean white cabbages, cut them into small pieces, and stratify them in a cask long with salt and a few juniper berries and caraway seeds, observing to pack them down as hard as possible with a wooden rammer, and to cover them with a lid pressed down by a heavy weight. The cask must be placed in a cold situation as soon as a sour smell is perceived.

**A GOOD GRAVY.**—Chop fine some lean meat, an onion, some slices of carrot and turnip, and a little thyme and parsley; put these, with half an ounce of butter, into a saucepan, and keep them stirred until they are slightly browned; browned; add a little spice, and water in the proportion of a pint to one pound of meat. Clear the gravy from scum, let it boil half an hour, then strain it for use.

**SAUCE PIQUANTE.**—Put a bit of butter, with two sliced onions, into a stew-pan, with a carrot, a parsnip, a little thyme, laurel, basil, two cloves, two shallots, a clove of garlic, and some parsley; turn the whole over the fire until it be well colored; then shake in some flour, and moisten it with some broth, and a spoonful of vinegar. Let it boil over a slow fire; skim, and strain it through a sieve. Season it with salt and serve it with any dish required to be heightened.

**MUFFINS.**—Flour, one quart; warm milk and water, one pint and a half; yeast, a quarter of a pint; salt, two ounces; mix for fifteen minutes; then further add, flour, a quarter of a peck, make a dough, let it rise one hour, roll it up, pull it into pieces, make them into balls, put them into a warm place, and when the whole dough is made into balls, shape them into muffins, and bake them on tins; turn them when half done, dip them into warm milk, and bake into a pale brown.

**COMPOTE OF RHUBARB.**—Take and cut a pound of the stalks, after they are pared, into short lengths, have ready a quarter of a pint of water boiled for ten minutes with six ounces of sugar; put your fruit in, and let it simmer for ten to fifteen minutes. This served with boiled rice is much more wholesome for children than puddings. If for sick people to be eaten alone, the compote should be made with the very best lump sugar; and the same if for dessert. But common sugar for children's use will do.

**SPICED BACON.**—This may be prepared, of excellent quality, by pursuing the following method. Select a side or middle of delicate pork, and take out all the bones. Put it into a pan of water for ten or twelve hours to extract the blood, changing the water as often as it becomes much colored. Then put the meat into a pickle made as follows:—Water, one gallon; common salt, one pound; sal prunelle, quarter of a pound; coarse sugar, one pound. Let the meat remain in this pickle for at least a fortnight; then take it out, wipe it well, and shred sage and bay leaves (the stalks having been carefully taken out) very small. When the latter are well mixed, add white pepper, and strew these well over the inside part of the meat. Roll it very tightly up, and tie a string round it three inches apart, knotting the string at every round, so that when fillets are cut off for cooking, the remainder of the collar may remain confined. Smoke it well for twelve or fourteen days.

**TO MAKE WALNUT CATSUP.**—To one peck of walnut huds, from ripe walnuts in September, add as much salt and water, made strong enough to bear an egg, as will cover them. Let them lay in ten days, strain them, let them lay thin on baskets three or four days in the sun, when they will turn black, which will take much of the bitter from them, and put them in a pan. Boil two gallons of spring water, and one pound and a quarter bay salt; pour it on them hot, let them stand ten days, then strain off the liquor, add a quarter of a pound long-pepper, quarter of a pound black pepper, quarter ounce of mace, half a pound brown mustard seed, quarter of a pound of shallots cut small. Bruise the spices and mustard seed, and add as much burnt onions as will make it a good dark color, a quarter of pound of good anchovies, half a pint of vinegar, and one pint of Indian soy. Boil them an hour, turn them altogether into a jar, let them lay a month with the bung out, and you may then strain and use it—but the longer it lays on the spices the better.



bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy-and-water. When a fashionable lady dreams of a filbert, it is a sign that her thoughts are running upon the colonel. If you dream of clothes, it is a warning not to go to law, for, by the rule of contraries, you will be sure of non-suit. To dream that you are eating, is certain to come true at breakfast. To dream of a barber, denote losses: hairs may be expected to be cut off. It is very lucky to dream you pay for a thing twice over, since afterwards you will probably take care to have your bills receipted.

**THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.**—It is a remarkable and most interesting fact, that the very first use to which the discovery of printing was applied, was the production of the Bible. This was accomplished at Mentz, between the years of 1450 and 1455. Gutenberg was the inventor of the art, a goldsmith furnished the necessary funds. The Bible was in two folio volumes, which have been justly praised for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the lustre of the ink. The work contained twelve hundred pages, and being the first ever printed, of course involved a long period of time and an immense amount of mental, manual, and mechanical labor; and yet for a long period after it had been finished and offered for sale, not a single human being, save the artists themselves, knew how it had been accomplished.

**LILLIPUTIANS.**—“Mrs. J. B. McCrum, residing at Kalamazoo, Michigan, is the mother of twins so small that they are a marvel of humanity, putting in shade all stories of Lilliputians ever heard of. One is a boy and the other a girl, and weigh, together, three pounds and four ounces! They are perfect, and seem to be in good health. Their bed is a little paper box filled with cotton, and they are dressed in dolls' clothes. The mother and children were doing well at last accounts. These twins are the smallest living children ever heard of. They take food naturally, and make a noise like very young kittens. Quite a number of citizens have called to see the little wonders. A tea cup will cover the head of either. Their hands are about the size of the bowl of a teaspoon, and their bodies less than six inches long—the boy a trifle the larger.”

**HUSBANDS.**—Young ladies are generally supposed to be, more or less, on the look-out for husbands. Nice dresses, and pretty bonnets; music and dancing, and the polite accomplishments, in the societies where these are cultivated, and very much of what is called society, are supposed to have this object in view. But the supply of good husbands is not equal to the demand. We see thousands of men around us whose married state is a constant marvel to us. We cannot conceive how they ever induced any woman to have them. The standard of husbandly virtues requires to be raised and the market better supplied. Marriage, which develops all that is lovely in woman, sometimes brings out the worst qualities in men. Many a woman of forty exceed the promise of her girlhood; but how few are the men who do not fall very short of the hopes of youth!

**THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.**—It may be said that the eyes sway the destiny of the face; for if their expression be not beautiful, the most exquisitely-modelled other features, the most classical mould of the head, and the purest Grecian oval of general facial outline, are but as doves clustering in the fascination of hideous snakes. On the other hand, a beautiful eye raises the plainest face to a higher rank of beauty than mere symmetry can ever attain. The greatest and most loved women of history were often indebted solely to the beautiful expression of their eyes for their nameless power of fascinating all who beheld them. And to make the eyes thus beautiful, it is only necessary to throw into them that light of the soul which emanates from the gentler emotions and purest thoughts. All violent passions abuse the eye, all unworthy thoughts mar its clearness.

**STRENGTH OF THE TIGER.**—The strength of the tiger is prodigious. By a single cuff of his great fore-paw he will break the skull of an ox as easily as you could smash a gooseberry; and then taking his prey by the neck will straighten his muscles and march off at a half trot, with only the hoofs and tail of the defunct animal trailing on the ground. An eminent traveller relates that a buffalo belonging to a peasant in India, having got helplessly fixed in a swamp, its owner went to seek assistance of his neighbors to drag it out. While he was gone, however, a tiger visited the spot, and unceremoniously slew and drew the buffalo out of the mire and had just got it comfortably over his shoulders preparatory to trotting home, when the herdsman and his friends approached. The buffalo, which weighed more than a thousand pounds, had its skull fractured and its body nearly emptied of blood.

**ENNOBLING THE WRONG MAN.**—Scheele, the chemist, discoverer of chlorine and manganese, was a native of Sweden; and when Gustavus III was in Paris, a deputation of the learned waited upon him to congratulate him on having so illustrious a subject. The king had never heard of him; but, ashamed of his ignorance, immediately sent off a courier to say that Scheele was to be made a noble.

“All very fine,” said his Prime Minister, on receiving the despatch, “but who is Scheele?”

A clerk in the Foreign Office volunteered information.

“Very good fellow, captain in the artillery—great friend of mine—plays billiards divinely.”

The puzzled Minister turned the captain into a count, and the mistake was not discovered till the King's return.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**GOLD CORDIAL.**—Take of the roots of angelica, sliced, four pounds; raisins, stoned, two pounds; coriander seeds, half a pound; caraway seeds and cinnamon, each, half a pound; cloves, two ounces; figs and liquorice root, sliced, each one pound; proof spirits, eleven gallons; water, two gallons; Digest two days, and draw off by a gentle heat, till the feints begin to rise, hanging in a piece of linen, fastened to the mouth of the worm, one ounce of English saffron. Then dissolve eight pounds of sugar in three quarts of rose-water, and add to it the distilled liquor.—The above cordial derives its name from a quantity of gold-leaf being formerly added to it, but this is now generally disused.

**HEADACHE.**—This very common disorder, proceeds from various causes, and according to these it must be treated. Most frequently it is not a disorder of itself, but symptomatic of indigestion, excess of bile, nervousness, &c. Removing, then, the cause cures the headache: thus, mild aperients are often serviceable. If of a nervous character, tonics are useful, such as gentian, bark, hops, camphor, &c. Headache may besides arise from over oppression of the blood-vessels of the head, fullness of blood, &c. The best advice is to keep the head cool and the feet warm, to have recourse to aperient medicines often, and if obstinate or long-continued, blood-letting by the lance in the arm, or by cupping between the shoulders, assisted by blisters behind the ears, is sure to give relief. Nervous headaches are often cured by stimulants, such as snuff, smelling salts, aromatic vinegar, &c., and as often by rest and quiet, by twenty or thirty drops of laudanum taken in a little water, and by avoiding light.

**PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.**—When the hair grows scantily, naturally, the following lotion may be used three or four times a week, in the morning: Eau-de-Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two ounces; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender of each, ten drops.—When the hair has become thin from illness, use the following receipt: Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and anoint the head very sparingly before going to bed.—When actual baldness is commencing, use the following pomade: Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture, and rub it with ninety parts of cold lard. Add a little essence of bergamot, or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair.—When the hair, after being naturally luxuriant, begins to grow thin, without actually coming out in particles, use the following receipt: Take of extract of yellow Peruvian bark, fifteen grains; extract of rhatany root, eight grains; extract of burdock root and oil of nutmegs (fixed), of each, two drachms; camphor dissolved into spirits of wine, fifteen grains; beef marrow, two ounces; best olive oil, one ounce; citron juice, half a drachm; aromatic essential oil, as much as sufficient to render it fragrant; mix, shake into and ointment. Two drachms of bergamot, and a few drops of otto of roses, would suffice. This is to be used every morning.

**CORNS.**—Corns are usually limited to the feet. Their cause is either pressure or friction, or both combined. Whenever a portion of the skin is subjected to long continued and unequal pressure, the papillæ of the sensitive skin are stimulated, and grow to an unusual size. Associated with this increase of growth of the papillæ, is the increased thickness of the scarf-skin, and this latter being the outward and perceptible effect, is denominated a “corn.” The end to be gained in cutting a corn is to take off the pressure of the shoe from the tender papillæ of the sensitive skin; and to effect this object, the summit of the corn must be cut in such a manner as to excavate it, the edges being left to act as a bolster, and still further protect the central part, where the longest and consequently the most sensitive papillæ are found. The professional chiropodist effects this object very adroitly; he generally works around the centre, and takes out the fibrous portion in a single piece. He digs, as he says, for the root. There is another way of disposing of a corn:—Have some common sticking-plaster spread on buff leather; cut a piece sufficiently large to cover the corn and skin around, and have a hole punched in the middle of exactly the size of the summit of the corn. Now take some common soda of the oil-shops, and make it into a paste with about half its bulk of soap; fill the hole in the plaster with the paste, and cover it up with a piece of sticking-plaster. Let this be done at bedtime, and in the morning remove the plaster, and wash the corn with warm water. If this operation be repeated every second, third, or fourth day for a short time, the corn will be removed. The only precaution requiring to be used is to avoid causing pain; and so long as any tenderness occasioned by the remedy lasts, it must not be repeated. When the corn is reduced within reasonable bounds by either of the above modes, or when it is only threatening, and has not yet risen to the height of being a sore annoyance, the best of all remedies is a piece of soft buff leather, spread with soap plaster, and pierced in the centre with a hole exactly the size of the summit of the corn. If it can be procured, a better substance still for spreading the plaster upon is “amadou,” or “German tinder.”

## HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

CAN a lover be called a suitor when he doesn't suit her?

WHAT may one always expect at a hotel?—Inn attention.

“HOME—sweet home,” as the bee said when he entered his hive.

WOULD it not be cruelty to animals to “throw physic to the dogs?”

WHY is a widower like a house in a state of delapidation?—Because he should be re-paired.

A BEAU dismissed by a belle, and an arrow dismissed by a bow are apt to start off in a hurry.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

MANY a lady, nowadays, is like a show-window. She takes so much pains with her sash.

A WORD to prosy lovers—It is not only those women who wear earrings whose ears are bored.

JEALOUSY is only the art of tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

WOULD it be apt to tire a man much if he should pass half-a-dozen restless knights on horseback?

A YOUNG man married a girl rather than be shot by her brother—thinking a miss better than a hit.

A FRIEND of ours has a painful affection of the eyes, caused by trying to read “by the light of other days.”

Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

RAILWAYS are pronounced aristocratic because they teach all people to know their own stations, and stop there.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know what sort of drums co-nun-drums are. She thinks they are somewhat hard to beat.

A YOUNG scapegrace threw his ball at his sister, and hit her on the back of the head so hard that the bawl came out of her mouth.

THE man whom you saved from drowning, and the man who never pays what he owes, you may consider as alike indebted to you for life.

“How long will my chop be, waiter?” angrily asked a very hungry old man in a restaurant. “About five inches, sir,” was the accurate reply.

THE reason that men are taken to the station-house when they are found in the street full of liquor, is to give their friends a chance to bail them out.

“MR. JONES, what makes my canary sleep on one leg?” “I don't think that anything makes him do it, ma'am; it appears to me that he does it of his own accord.”

A COUPLE of deaf mutes were married the other day in Philadelphia, the ceremony being performed by signs. The new-wedded pair were literally unspeakably happy.

A CLERGYMAN at a funeral, when at the graveside, said to the chief mourner “Is it a brother or a sister?” He received the puzzling answer, “Neither; it is only a cousin.”

AN omnibus driver called down to an unconscious young lady—“Miss, your fare!” “Well,” exclaimed the girl, rousing up, “if I am, I don't want any of your impertinence.”

At a hotel table, one boarder said to his neighbor—“This must be a healthy place for chickens.” “Why?” asked the other. “Because I've never seen any dead ones hereabouts.”

A MODEL PAIR.—The gentleman who returned his neighbor's borrowed umbrella was seen a day or two ago walking in company with the young lady who passed a looking-glass without taking a peep. It is believed they are engaged.

AUNT HEPZIBAH looked up from her paper and exclaimed. “My gracious me, if moonlight hadn't become dangerous out in Michigan.” “How so, aunty?” asked her nephew. “Why, it says here that two men were robbed lately, near Detroit, by moonlight.”

“FATHER, did you ever have another wife besides mother?” “No my boy. What possessed you to ask such a question?” “Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anna Dominie, 1862, and that wasn't mother, for her name was Lucy Jenkins when she was a girl.”

A LITTLE girl who was sent for some indigo, forgetting the name, asked the grocer, “Please, sir, what do people dye with?” “What do people die with?” exclaimed the grocer; “why, with the cholera sometimes.” “Then,” said the child, “mother wants a shilling's worth of cholera.”

A BOLD MAN.—A gay fellow who had taken lodgings as a public-house, and got considerably in debt, absented himself, and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord, that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him, which the debtor having heard of, declared publicly that if she came, he would kiss her. “Will he?” said the lady, “will he?” “Give me my bonnet, Molly; I will see whether any fellow has such impudence!” — “My dear,” said the cooling husband, “pray do not be too rash. You do not know what a man may do when he's in a passion!”

## CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, March 21st, 1874.

\* \* All communications relating to Chess must be addressed “CHECKMATE.”

G. P. H., MONTREAL.—Cannot you get us a few original problems from your Montreal friends? Shall be pleased to hear from you regularly.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 45.

By DR. S. GOLD.

|                    |         |
|--------------------|---------|
| White.             | Black.  |
| 1. Q. to Q. B. 4th | 1. Any. |
| 2. Mates acc.      |         |

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 46.

By S. TYRRELL.

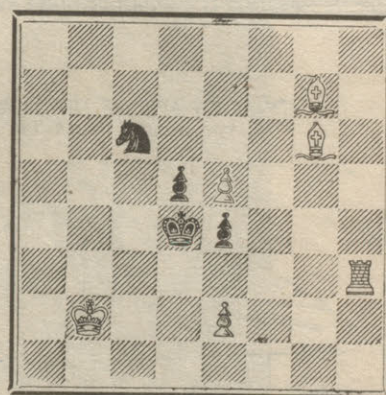
|                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
| White.              | Black.        |
| 1. B to K 3rd       | 1. K takes Kt |
| 2. Q to K 2nd       | 2. Any        |
| 3. Q mates          |               |
| (a.)                |               |
| 2. Q to R 3rd       | 1. K to B 5th |
| 3. Q, Kt or B mates | 2. Any        |

Correct solution received from Geo. P. Harwood Montreal. He remarks that it is “very neat.”

PROBLEM No. 53.

By F. C. COLLINS.

BLACK.



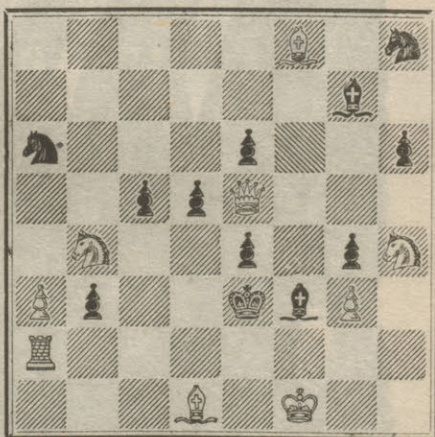
WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 54.

By REV. L. W. MUDGE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

A HOUSEHOLD QUARREL.—Get plenty of hot water, which you can always do by running into debt. Into the hot water throw your grievance, and keep stirring it for several hours with any small trifle that turns up. When it begins to boil, pour in all the household annoyances you can rake together, and flavor it with the bitterest truths, of which you should always keep a stock at home, ready cut and dried. Let it stand all night, and, if you should come down to breakfast very late the next morning, you will find that there has been a great rise in the meantime, in your quarrel. The next thing is to commence cooling down, which is best done by drawing off rapidly into opposite corners. If you want your quarrel to be brewed very strong, and to last the household a long time, you had better get your mother-in-law to come and live a month with you.

THE FAVORITE is published weekly at 138, Washington Street, Boston, Mass.





THE FIRST SET.

MAMMA SAYS THE YOUNG MEN OF THE PRESENT DAY ARE NOT TO BE COMPARED TO THE OLD ONES.  
AND YOU SAY?—  
OH, I AGREE WITH MAMMA! [But he does not quite like it, though.]

## A CLINCHER.

"GET UP, AND SEE THE TIME, EVA. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL IT."  
"O, YOU HORRID STORY-TELLER, I TAUGHT MYSELF!"

"NO MORE DO I."



## TERRIBLE RESULT OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN!

MISS HYPATIA JONES, SPINSTER OF ARTS (ON HER WAY TO REFRESHMENT), INFORMS PROFESSOR PARALLAX, F.R.S., THAT "YOUNG MEN DO VERY WELL TO LOOK AT, OR TO DANCE WITH, OR EVEN TO MARRY, AND ALL THAT KIND OF THING!" BUT THAT "AS TO ENJOYING ANY RATIONAL CONVERSATION WITH ANY MAN UNDER FIFTY, THAT IS COMPLETELY OUT OF THE QUESTION!"





REBUILDING.



# Driven from Home.

FAVORITE BALLAD, SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

MUSIC BY W. S. HAYS.

VOICE.

1. Out in the cold world, out in the street, Asking a penny of each one I meet.  
 2. The flowers that bloom'd that I once lov'd to see, Seem bowing their heads, as if pi-ty-ing me. The  
 3. Oh, where shall I go? Or what shall I do? I've no one to tell me what course to pur-sue. I'm

PIANO.

Shoes I wander about thro' the day, Wearing my young life in sor-row a-way. No one to help me  
 man-sin that min-gles with vol-ces of mirth, From the win-dows of plea-sure and plen-ty on earth. Makes me think what it is to be  
 weary and foot-sore, I'm hungry and weak I know not what shelter to-night I may seek The Friend of all friends who

no one to love, No one to pi-ty me, none to ca-ress, Fa-ther-less mo-ther-less, sad-ly I roam, A  
 friendless and poor, And I feel I shall faint when I knock at the door. They turn a deaf ear, There's no one will come, To  
 rules earth and sea, Will look with a pi-ty-ing eye up-on me. I'll wan-der a-bout till his mes-sen-ger comes. To

child of mis-for-tune, I'm dri-ven from home, No one to help me, no one to bless, No one to pi-ty me,  
 help a poor wan-der-er, dri-ven from home, lead me to fa-ther and mo-ther at home.

none to ca-ress. Fa-ther-less, mo-ther-less, sad-ly I roam, Nurs'd by my po-ver-ty, dri-ven from home.

*ritard.*

# O'er thy Bright and Sparkling Waters.

"GLISSE, O MA GONDOLA"  
 BARCAROLLE FROM THE OPERA OF "HAYDEE"

ENGLISH VERSION BY J. W. BERNHARDT.

AUBER.

PIANO.

1. O'er thy bright and spark-ling wa-ters, As I  
 2. When to far-off climes I wan-der, And wa-

steer my bark a-long, To the soft sea-breeze I'm sing-ing, And the bur-den of my song Is  
 strug-gles some a-mong, As a mis-tress of her lov-er, So the bur-den of my song

Ve-nice, love-ly Ve-nice, The Queen of Ad-ri-a-tic sea, And the home of my de-vo-tion, And the

*p stac.*

on-ly home for me! Ear-ly home of my de-vo-tion, And the on-ly home for me! *Repeat Squ.*  
*from 8*

# Beautiful Dreamer.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEPHEN C. POSTER.

VOICE.

1. Beau-ti-ful dream-er,  
 2. Beau-ti-ful dream-er,

PIANO.

wake up to me, Starlight and dew-drops are wait-ing for thee, Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,  
 out on the sea, Mermaids are chant-ing to wild-lore, Or-er the stream-let va-pours are borne.

Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd a-way, Beau-ti-ful dream-er, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with  
 Wait-ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn-ing, Beau-ti-ful dream-er, beam on my heart, I'll be as the moon on the

soft me-lo-dy, Gossamer the ca-res of life's bu-sy throng, Beau-ti-ful dreamer, awake un-to me!  
 stream-let and sea, Then will all clouds of sor-row do part.

Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me!  
*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

# Waltz.

COMPOSED BY BEETHOVEN.

PIANO.

*p* *mf*

*f* *p* *f*

*p* *alleg.*

*f*

*p* *mf* *f*